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PARTIES AND INDEPENDENTS.

If twenty or more intelligent gentlemen—several of whom would certainly be independents—finding themselves by chance together in any part of the country, should discuss the prospects of the election of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine in 1888, these two questions, about equally perplexing, would at once present themselves: 1. Which do the people prefer? 2. What are the chances that the parties will allow the true wishes of the people to prevail in the nominations and elections? These gentlemen would thus, without either of them, perhaps, noticing the profound significance of the fact, recognize party interests and aims as something distinct from those of the people—as a vast, separate, political force to be dealt with.

Thus distinction and antagonism are emphasized by the remarks so frequently heard, that the Democratic party—referring to it, of course, in a technical sense, as speaking by its partisan managers—is probably opposed to the re-nomination of Mr. Cleveland, and that the Republican party—in the same sense, and speaking in the same way—is probably in favor of the nomination of Mr. Blaine; while it is generally believed that the people, for whom these managers respectively assume to speak, would, if allowed a free expression of their wishes at the polls, elect Mr.

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Cleveland and defeat Mr. Blaine. In another article, I may, perhaps, refer to the probable consequences in the next election of this curious state of public opinion; but now a still more important aspect of political parties must engage our attention, after considering which, we may, possibly, have a clearer view of the significance of the contest to be waged in 1888, and of the partisan and Independent forces which will take part in it.

The facts referred to make it plain that political parties, as we now have them, are by no means what they should be; that is, convenient agencies for combining and expressing on a grand scale and with a true freedom the real views and interests of the people. They are very generally regarded as highly complicated organizations through which politicians are enabled to make themselves a great power for their own benefit and for coercing and baffling the people. We need not stop to consider how disastrous it is to the purity and dignity of all political and official life, to have, in the whole domain of politics, the largest and highest expression of national sentiment thus weighed down and suppressed by a vast selfish organization, pretending to act for the common good and in the spirit of patriotism. The specific evils thus produced are not confined to the long and alarming array of abuses and corruptions which have been more and more in recent years charged against party managers and their vicious methods. These evils have developed a vicious antagonism, on the part of great numbers of worthy people, toward all parties, as being needless, even if they be not dangerous, enemies of the State. A recently published volume, taking this ground, has been largely sold; and, what is yet worse, a large and increasing number of patriotic citizens are declining to vote or to take any active part in politics, because, as they charge, vicious manipulation, corrupt barter of votes for places, and mere management and intrigue, under the control of partisans and demagogues, great and small, defeat all disinterested efforts for the public welfare.

Public opinion now tends to such disastrous extremes as prevail concerning the liquor question; that is, to the formation of a party against party itself. The late elections in the several cities in the West and in Rhode Island, where the Independents have defeated the parties, the enactment of laws in several States for diminishing the frequency of party elections by increasing the terms of governors and judges, the making of the ses-

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sions of the Legislatures of many States biennial, the acts—lately passed in several States—for subjecting party caucuses and conventions to penal provisions, the exclusion of various subjects from legislation by constitutional amendments, the passage of the Civil Service acts by Congress and by the States of New York and Massachusetts for the suppression of partisan removals and appointments, and the collection of political assessments—thereby eliminating powerful elements of party despotism and corruption—the rapidly increasing numbers of independent periodicals and journals, and the greater boldness and vigor of the criticism of party methods (even on the part of what may be called party journals) which now demands that the State, and not the parties, shall furnish all ballots and pay, in part, at least, and rigorously limit and regulate election expenses—all these facts are not only decisive evidence that the independent sentiment which decided the elections of 1884 is deeply seated in the public mind, and likely to continue, but that there is a profound purpose to suppress by law the despotism, venality, and usurpations of political parties. Nearly the whole periodical literature of the country is now substantially independent in politics—if, indeed, there is a single periodical of any rank which does not condemn the theories and methods of our party managers generally. We have but to go over the names of the most recent and successful journals in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and all the great political centres to discover that they maintain an independence of parties comparatively rare not long ago. It was the state of feeling thus indicated which made the results of the last elections possible, and no thoughtful man will overlook it when considering the probable results in 1888.

These questions at once present themselves. Whether the attempt should be made to suppress parties? Whether the parties we have are a legitimate growth, and are in harmony with our government? Whether parties may be so organized and managed as not to be oppressive, but to fairly combine and effectively express the opinions and interests of the people?

Let us consider these questions. It is useless to talk about suppressing parties. Parties of some kind will always exist. It is as much a right of persons having convictions and interests in common in the sphere of politics to combine and act lawfully together as it is for those having views in common to thus unite

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and act on the subjects of religion, charity, education, or amusements. On the other hand, the theory accepted by partisans and muddle-headed politicians, that a party is a great creative purifying power, almost as indispensable and beneficent as the government itself—a sort of providential, sacred order of political life, into which every man is born, and which he cannot leave without being a traitor—this whole theory is altogether unfounded, and is so repugnant to the great facts of history that no well-informed person can accept it, save as a common delusion about which he has never reflected.

Limited to their true sphere, and acting by open, honest methods, parties may, with great advantage, serve the people and the State. But the view so generally expressed by party leaders and demagogues seeking office and trying to commend themselves to a gathering of partisans,—that parties make nations and governments, or that they are the source and strength of those exalted sentiments and noble acts by which nations become great and strong, is shallow in conception and repugnant to the plain facts of history. No party gave our fathers the conception of the revolution or the courage or support needed for its trials. Not one of the bold patriots who adopted the Declaration of Independence had ever been a member of a party. No party was represented in the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, nor has that instrument a line which expresses a party spirit or was intended to serve a party purpose. The heroic and creative period was past before a party had been known in our politics. During Washington's administration, if it can be said there was a party in any sense, it was of that kind which the party managers of our time repudiate, and was led by such statesmen as they never follow. The first four acts which can be said to have been dictated by a partisan spirit were the alien and sedition laws, the midnight signatures of John Adams, and his refusal to attend the inauguration of Jefferson.

The war of 1812 was fought, and peace was made, without making such questions mere party issues. No party was in power under Presidents Madison and Monroe, but a party established and perfected the spoils system under Jackson, Polk, and Van Buren. The earliest contests about slavery were not party, but sectional contests. The lofty sentiments of justice and duty which first arraigned, and finally overthrew, slavery, did not come from a

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party, or from any collision of parties, but were born in the hearts of noble men and women, who had the courage and independence to rise above that party spirit and policy which, for a generation, persecuted them and put their lives in peril. They overthrew one great party and made another. The Whig party and the Democratic party alike rejected the great issue of liberty which the independents had thus raised, in the same blind and selfish spirit which our party managers now reject the issue of civil service reform, which has decided one presidential election, and may yet decide another, if not destroy a party. Having always acted with the party which those earlier independents created, I gladly unite with its other adherents in exalting all the high qualities which it exhibited in the long war it nobly sustained; but let us not forget how vastly greater were the patriotism and courage needed to create that party, and which are now needed to expose and remove the abuse which that party has allowed to grow and which have enabled the old Democratic party to return again to power. Let us not forget that soldiers and generals of all parties fought together on every battlefield. It was party managers, greedy for patronage, who enacted the disastrous tenure of office law, but an independent, non-partisan spirit which repealed it. It was demagogues and partisans, seeking party ends, who carried the vicious pension bills of last winter, but an independent president who vetoed them.

The history of all the great efforts in behalf of justice and purity in political affairs has shown a few brave spirits—true independents—in the lead, opposed, defamed, sneered at by party managers, until they have forced the party to recognize the higher sentiments which they have made formidable. So it is now with the temperance movement and the movement for purifying our elections. As a rule, parties never espouse a cause because it is righteous, but only to gain strength.

It is not only true that parties are not the creators or early friends of those lofty ideals and grand efforts which purify and exalt nations, but it is also true that party spirit and mere party policy are subordinated and made contemptible whenever the patriotism, honor, and the manhood of a nation are deeply moved. So it was in our wars, and so it was in Great Britain during the war in the Crimea and in India. So it would be to-day if we had a great war on our hands.

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Nevertheless, in face of such facts, there is a class of politicians who confound the claims of party with those of the nation, and treat the tie which connects a citizen with his party as being as sacred as the allegiance due to his country. They seem to think that the springs of patriotism would be dried up, and that all unselfish efforts for the public good would cease, if the organized despotism and selfishness which now exist in political parties, and which have carried their efforts far beyond their true sphere, should be suppressed. They seem utterly unable to comprehend that he who acts the part of a true independent in politics must have not only the courage and patriotism needed to go with the party majority, but also the higher sense of duty needed to confront that majority, and perhaps part company with friends.

What is a political party? A clear definition is necessary not merely for a proper understanding of our subject, but to meet issues involving titles to office, which may any moment become grave practical questions in the courts. The habitual abuse of public authority for party ends, through party zeal and corruption, has compelled legislatures and Congress to try to protect the people by requiring "adherents of different parties" to be placed on various boards and commissions. The English race has never produced a statesman more competent than Edmund Burke to give a sound definition of a party. He declared it to be "a body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavors, the national interests upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed." No one whose authority is worthy of respect has ever disputed the soundness of this definition. A party, therefore, is neither an end in itself nor a combination to promote interests of its own. It must promote only the national interests. It is not, therefore, an organization based on patronage or for securing offices or majorities. It must stand on principles. Speaker Carlisle declared, in a late speech at Cincinnati, that "a political party can be of no use in any country unless it has principles and is ready to stake even its existence upon them." It is not a body gathered around a chieftain whom all must obey, but around a principle as to which all are agreed and to which every adherent must be faithful. In other words, a party is a free, natural, and honorable union of efforts and influence for serving the country.

A true party, therefore, cannot be a mere club, having other tests of membership besides its principles. It cannot, therefore,

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save by mere usurpation, exact pledges to obey orders or to vote for all party nominees, after the fashion of those highly-organized and most corrupt political combinations in New York and other great cities in past years, which are generally called party machines. These and all other schemes for carrying elections, extorting money, putting favorites into office, and making the trade of politics profitable, may be properly called factions, rings, cliques, or conspiracies, but they are not political parties. A party must be free to all adhering to its principles. A party has no right to make nominations in order to reward favorites, to pay off workers, or to gain profits for itself, but only to serve the public interests. A breach of this rule, not less than a disregard of its principles, dissolves every pledge an adherent can honorably make to act with his party.

This view of parties and party action makes them honorable, identifies them with the public interests, appeals to patriotism and sense of duty, and involves no compromise of conscience or of a manly self-respect on the part of their members. It makes it plain that the proper sphere and activity of a party is in the region of principle, political thought, legislation, broad measures of internal and foreign policy, gathering, combining, discussing, expressing the sentiments, thoughts, and interests of the people, and bringing into office those officials, and those only, who will make the laws the people demand and execute the policy which they have approved. Manipulating elections, coercing voters, or meddling with the details of military, naval or civil administration, or with judicial affairs of any sort is, therefore, plainly to depart from the sphere and true nature of party action. A party is not a body to do the public work, or to coerce public opinion. It simply expresses that opinion. It is obvious that, for leaders of such parties, there are required, not shrewd manipulators, not adroit evaders of great issues, not a cunning, conscienceless facility in bartering with political opponents and suppressing independent thought, not busy intermeddlers with local affairs all over the country, not facile, plausible demagogues, but men of open integrity of purpose, of honest methods, of broad knowledge of public opinion and industries, of sound, candid judgment, and a patriotic and statesmanlike conception of the national honor and interests. A party thus led, faithful to its principles, and putting good men in nomination, would develop to the utmost

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whatever patriotic sentiment and courage can come from the consciousness of power and the kindling enthusiasm born of vast numbers working together for a common and noble end. Such a party might keep itself in power for generations, instead of speedily sinking into corruption.

It is plain from this conception of a party that its utility—that the justification for even its existence—depend on three things, (1) the tendency of its principles to advance the welfare of the whole people, (2) the faithful support of these principles by the party itself, (3) the nomination of the most worthy for office. Lacking these, it would be better to have no parties, as under Washington, Madison, and Monroe. The principles of a party and the merits of its candidates are at once the justification for its existence, the source of its strength, the bond of its union, and the test of its fidelity. They draw the people to a party and inspire them with an honest, salutary zeal in its behalf, quite irrespective of securing offices and the control of the government, substantially for the same reasons that the people support the vast numbers of churches, charities, schools, and other organizations requiring the devotion of time and money, without honor or reward beyond what follows the doing of one's duty.

Such strength, such a bond of union, such a test, which is applicable alike to the party as a whole and to all its subdivisions and managers, obviously can exist only where its principles can be enforced and where they are the very issues immediately before the people, upon which their judgment is to be directly given. In this fact we see the reason why the principles of a national party are no restraint and have no proper application in municipal affairs, and in only a limited way to State affairs. In municipal elections party principles are but a mask and false pretense. The power of the party organization is recklessly used for mercenary and coercive purposes far beyond and below the sphere of all true party action. Extortion, bribery, and oppression in their manifold and most repulsive forms are only aided by a complicated system of party machinery utterly needless for any useful purpose in municipal government. We have yet to create a municipal system wholly separate from mere party politics.

It hardly need be stated that it is an utter departure from its true sphere for a party to coerce removals and to force its minions into those subordinate administrative places of the gov-

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ernment, federal, State, or municipal, where its principles have no application, where political opinions are no test of capacity, and where the public work should be done in the same way whichever party elected the President or the Governor, or is in majority in Congress or in the Legislature. The practice of doing this on a vast scale, and of using the whole power of the party (1) to make these subordinates effective workers for its candidates, and (2) to compel these officials by threats of removal to pay large assessments on their salaries to be used by the party leaders for their own purposes,—generally to bribe voters and buy the public press,—is not only utterly repugnant to all true conceptions and functions of a party, but is a kind of despotism so insulting, corrupt, and degrading that we may well be astounded that it has been so long endured by a free people. It is against these latter abuses of parties that the Civil Service Reform movement has, with growing strength and encouraging results, mainly directed its efforts, and in these facts we find the cause of the bitter hostility of mere politicians and party manipulators to that reform which is so seriously threatening their trade.

No party deserves to live a day which needs to resort to the enslavement and robbery of the public servants to pay its expenses and do its work, which, in other words, cannot safely rest its appeal to the people on the soundness of its principles and merits of its candidates.

The highest obligation which a good citizen can be under to join, remain in, or give time or money for, a party must surely exist in favor of a party based on principles, and faithful to them. Let us see what that obligation is, according to the true and normal relations between the people and the parties. I do not, therefore, refer to those who servilely scheme for offices in the gift of parties, nor to any man who has made a special promise, express or implied, base or honorable, as a delegate or officer of a party organization, which compromises a manly independence. But has man a right to come under a pledge to any party which deprives him of his liberty to do his duty as a citizen according to his own judgment and conscience ?

Let us do full justice to the facts that nearly all political action, and especially the making of platforms, the selection of candidates, and the enactment of laws require some yielding of individual preferences, and often a considerable compromise in point

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of principle. Good citizens must make whatever concessions are essential and honorable in order to secure the requisite harmony and vigor of action. But who is to be the judge on this point—who is to decide whether a candidate is trustworthy and capable —the citizen or his party? If the party, then it is at once recognized as being a power as tyrannical and irresistible as any mediæval despot. All personal manhood would, in a free nation, be prostrate before a tyranny unknown to the constitution and the laws. Considering the citizen as free to choose his party, is he not equally free as to what he will do for it, how long he will adhere to it, and which of its candidates he will support?

There is, I must think, some limitation, not in favor of the party, but of the country, to absolute freedom of this latter sort.

The moral and political duties of patriotism and national allegiance are of universal obligation. They existed before there was any party in this country. They have survived the death of many parties, and will remain unimpaired after all existing parties, and all the issues they raise, are known only to history. These duties require every man to bear his due proportion of the expense, and do his fit part of the work, and the voting needed for maintaining the government. There may or may not be parties with whom he can co-operate. If there are, the question is open for him to decide whether he can best discharge those paramount duties in the ranks of a party or otherwise.

As he decides that question at any time, it will be his duty to work and vote with the party, or to defy its wrath, at whatever cost, by doing his duty to his country in a better way. It does not follow that he leaves his party because he opposes a bad candidate or a bad measure. No man can have a higher sense of the duty of voting than the true independent who braves obliquy to vote according to his conscience, when others tamely submit or shirk in secrecy. A good citizen will not, without good reason, refuse to go with his party when great issues are involved. He should decide in full view, not only of direct, but of collateral and ultimate consequences. For it may well happen, as President Woolsey has pointed out, that one conspicuous act of heroic moral courage may awaken a whole party to the supreme claims of patriotism. If a party is made to feel certain that by nominating an unworthy candidate, or shaping its action to the interests of its most venal adherents, it will inevitably lose the votes of the

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noblest characters by which it is adorned, it may, if not too far gone on the road to ruin, change its policy. It is a sad time for a country, and an hour of peril for any party, when the only independents in its ranks whom it fears and courts are its independent rascals—its gamblers, its grog-shop keepers, and its venal voters, who fix their own price. I never feel so anxious for the fate of my party, or so distrustful of its leaders, as when I hear them berate those true independents who act from a sense of duty, while not daring to utter a word against those corrupt independents who fix their own terms and exact them at every election. Is the man who asserts his independence for conscience sake the only citizen who should be denounced for asserting it at all? When we see how many vicious and venal influences are constantly inviting party managers down the road to ruin—how nearly certain history shows it to be that no party can long maintain the moral elevation of its birth, and how few are those who have the courage of their convictions in party politics—we need not fear there will be too many ready to act the part of true independents.

But I repeat that the whole course of events for the last decade, as well as the significant legislation I have cited, indicates a steady increase in the strength of the sentiment of independence in politics. The dominant party in the House of Representatives last winter could hardly carry a single party measure. The President himself was in some respects the greatest independent in the country. He who expects the influence of the independent spirit to be weaker in the election of 1888 than it was in 1884 is, I think, greatly deceived. The young voters are more and more rebelling against partisan despotism and machine politics. Clubs of a novel kind and very independent in spirit, and largely composed of young men, have lately been formed at the great political centres. Even the new party clubs for public discussion are a sort of independent protest and rebellion against the old party managers and the secret caucuses. These clubs tend to a change of leadership and of the centre of political power. The chiefs of the despotic primaries do not like them, and will be compelled to yield to their influence.

It is one of the strange delusions of the old party managers to suppose that true independents seek, or need, to form a new party either to attain their ends or to make themselves a far greater political force. These managers appear incapable of thinking

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anything can be done in politics save by a party. It is the whole political world to them. They do not comprehend, any better than Mr. Conkling, the higher public which a few can express but the greatest party despot cannot withstand. Nothing can be more unfounded than the assumption that for a few men of character and patriotism to become a great political force they must form a new party or tamely act through the old ones. It was not thus that a few courageous friends of liberty drove the Democrats from power, and a few disinterested friends of administrative reform drove the Republicans from power. In no way can 50 or 500 citizens of character, capacity, and conscience become so great a power in politics, or do either their party or their country so great a service, as by publicly contrasting the doings of the party with its duty, and resisting every bad measure and bad candidate which the party may approve. In no way can such men become so insignificant and so contemptible, even in their own eyes, as by following a leadership they despise, and keeping silence because the party majority is against them. The supreme need is not to form a new party, but to make the old parties open their eyes to truth and duty. The way to bring about a reform within a party is for those having the courage to do so to speak plainly and justly, at its meetings, of what it does and what it ought to do. The nearer ruin a party is, the more fiercely will it resent such truth.

There never was anything more absurd in politics than the theory, so common, that a man ought to apologize for refusing to violate his conscience and his judgment by going servilely with the majority. An apology for such a vote is a gross act of cowardice. We shall never have parties on a true basis, nor the worthiest for leaders, so long as every speaker feels compelled at all party gatherings to utter nothing but fulsome praise for his own party, and defamation of their opponents. Such meetings must be considered fit places for truth, justice, and the courage of our convictions.

The logic by which supreme party allegiance is defended is curious indeed. Because a man has adhered to a party for a time, in the expectation that it will stand by its principles and perform its duty of nominating the most worthy candidates, it is claimed that he has thereby bound himself to accept any platform it may offer, and support any candidate it may nominate. If he refuses,

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he is to be ejected, persecuted, and regarded as a traitor. The party is assumed to be the sole agency through which a citizen can discharge his duty to his country. This is the precise doctrine which church hierarchies in despotic times enforced in the domain of religion. It hardly need be pointed out that the whole theory of partisans is in keeping with that view of party politics, when they insist that every officer, national, State, and municipal, and even the laborers, chimney-sweeps, and scrub-women, shall be of their faith, work for their party candidates, and pay assessments into their party treasury. They allow no liberty of thought or action anywhere, not in the interest of the party, as defined by its managers, who enforce a sort of semi-military discipline over private citizens and public officers alike. Managing politics, in the view of many, is a sort of trade which must be made to yield profits in the treble form of offices, assessments, and rich contracts. A party is a sort of joint stock corporation for sharing these profits. To this whole theory a true independence in politics is fatal.

We have no space for going into questions of casuistry as to how far a party delegate, under peculiar circumstances, may have come under an obligation of some kind to sustain the choice of the majority, however bad; but that rapidly growing sentiment which demands that party action for making nominations and managing elections shall be subject to provisions of law against fraud and corruption, and that the State shall provide for proper election expenses, will not long tolerate the theory that a public delegate may contract an honorable, binding obligation to disregard his public duty by helping a scoundrel of his own party, rather than a good citizen of the other party, into a public office. It looks now as if the next great issue between the partisans and independents would be upon the question whether the State or these managers shall prepare and deliver the ballots to the voters and provide for election expenses. The whole politician class will fight hard for their profitable and vicious monopoly on these points. Let the State but do its duty by requiring a public account of all election expenses, and furnishing the voter with his ballot and whatever facility he needs to freely and honestly vote according to his conscience, without incurring expense and without liability of being cheated and frightened by party manipulators and partisan bullies, and most of the corruption attending our elections will

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be suppressed. The experiment has been amply tried with the most salutary results in Great Britain. One or two of our States have enacted laws of this character within a few weeks. No kind of legislation could do more than this to suppress the corrupt despotism of the party machine, to make political activity unattractive to the worst class of voters, or to encourage the manly independence in politics which we so much need.

It is a hopeful and significant sign of the times that a great club, made up of the leading young men of all parties in New York City, has taken charge of procuring such legislation for New York. It is a novel spectacle in American politics to witness the free, bold, but good-tempered, discussions of vital political questions which fill up several hours after its monthly dinners. They are not given to boasting about what either party has done in years past, but to considering what good citizens and all parties can do, and should unite in doing now, and in years to come, especially in the way of removing notorious abuses. While these pages are being written, a New York City club,—recently formed, —all of whose members are adherents of my own party, has made it appear, if we may judge from the printed speeches, that it does not regard good government in this metropolis, or the great questions of national administrations, which had such intimate relations with the defeat of that party in 1884, as deserving any share of the club's attention. These facts certainly add interest to the question whether greater harmony or greater divergence is to exist between partisans and independents in the immediate future. It is certainly being found more and more difficult, in all the leading nations—conspicuously so in England, France, Germany, and Italy, as well as in the United States—to keep all citizens within the lines of two great parties. A greater number of groups and more and more independence of speech and action is demanded as intelligence and civilization advance. Mere party discipline and hope of spoils are being found more and more ineffective for their suppression. Wise is that party which comprehends the tendency and acts accordingly. Nowhere, certainly, more than here, is such freedom in harmony with the theory of the government and the spirit of the people.

A glance at the growth of this freedom in parties in Great Britain may shed some light on the probability of its future development. When despotism in church and State had so far

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relaxed that parties became possible, under William III., a very severe party domination in the despotic spirit of the times was naturally provided for. The Prime Minister was to be selected from the dominant party in Parliament, and he was to name the other members of the Cabinet. The veto power was no longer to be exercised. The Prime Minister,—or Cabinet Government, thus constituted, speaking through him,—was not only to wield directly all executive power, but was really (though nominally through the King) to appoint, not only all civil, but all military and naval officers, and also all the great dignitaries of the State church. The same authority took the lead in legislation, gave pensions, conferred orders and titles, and made removals.

The party was thus made supreme through the whole domain alike of legislation, of royal favor, and of executive administration. When "the government"—the party—lost its majority in Parliament a new government was to come in. Thus was party government, close akin to party despotism, established. That system is now failing in Great Britain. A long time ago most of the higher officials not of the government itself began to be treated as removable only for cause. Civil service examinations next suppressed mere partisan appointments and removals in all but a few score of places. The system has otherwise been taken out of partisan favoritism. Our Constitution allows no such partisan system. It provides for the veto; that is, for different policies and politics on the part of the legislative and the executive departments. It contemplates that the majorities in one or both houses of Congress will not be of the same party as the President, and such has very generally been, and is now, the fact. No administration is to go out because without a majority in Congress. Each branch is to be independent largely of the other. Party government in the English sense, or in any true sense, is, therefore, made impossible. The whole matter of religion, and many other great subjects which were controlled by the party majority in Great Britain, and gave interest and dignity to party politics and administration, are fixed by our Constitution, or, in other words, excluded wholly from the sphere of party government.

Our Constitution, therefore, allows far less power to parties, and hence assures far more liberty and independence to the citizen than the British system. It denies the utility of a universal party control. It makes it possible for the government to go on,

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and requires it to go on, even if there be no party whatever. Until Jackson's time, the government was administered according to its true spirit, and not at all on the British theory of despotic party management. Jackson and his imitators did what they could to substitute the old British party despotism, which responds directly to the politician's love of power and the partisan's greed for patronage. For a time they were very successful. But patriotism challenged the imported system. When, some years ago, efforts were made to suppress some of the abuses of this naturalized British system in the same way that they had been suppressed in the parent country—that is, by tests of merit through examinations—the partisan friends, of the British system were the loudest in denunciation of what they called a British reform. They only wanted a British abuse, or forgot the origin of the spoils system so dear to them. A British remedy was unendurable. Is there not good reason to believe that the movement, which has already suppressed some of the evils of this imported British system, will go on with increasing force until our parties and our administration get into harmony with the spirit and the principles of our Constitution? Until that time it is certain that the issues the movement raises will be among the most vital and decisive in our politics, however much party managers may seek to suppress them.

DORMAN B. EATON.

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MY EXPERIENCE AS A LAWYER.*

THERE is a group of people who seem anxious to belittle me as a lawyer. Speaking of my employment in the De Golyer pavement matter, for instance, they say: "Garfield was not employed as a lawyer; because he is not a lawyer." Now the reason of this is, probably, that all professional men are exceedingly jealous of any one who comes up to their profession through any but the regular channels. The regular channel to the law is to study in a lawyer's office, sweep out the office for a year or two, be a clerk for a year or two more, then to pettifog in a justice's court, and slowly and gradually, after being subordinate to everybody, and the older heads have died off, to feel his way as a practicing lawyer. If after fifteen or twenty years' practice the man gets a case in the United States Supreme Court, and is admitted there, he considers it a red-letter day in his history.

I did not follow that route. I made my study of the law as complete as any one I know of, but I did it in my own room at Hiram, though, to comply with the statute, I entered my name formally with Mr. Riddle, at Cleveland. In 1861 I asked a committee of the Ohio Supreme Court to examine me, and I was then admitted to the bar of the State. When the war struck us I was about forming a law partnership, intending to go regularly into the practice; but I had then never tried or argued a case, and never had any legal experience whatever. The war came, Congress came, and when, in 1866, I had been about two years in Congress, it so happened that, in company with Henry Winter Davis, whom I very much admired, I resisted some attempt to extend the power of military commissions—to give them power to try civilians who had interfered with the prosecution of the war—such fellows as Vallandigham.

I resisted the passage of such a law as being un-American, and contrary to the old English spirit of liberty. Then some of the Indiana Democrats, or, rather, Judge Black, as their attorney,

* Autobiographical notes furnished by the late President Garfield to Edmund Kirke, as materials for a life.

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came to me, saying that some men had been tried in Indiana for conspiracy against the Government—conspiring to prevent enlistments and encourage desertions. They had been tried in 1864, while the war was pending, but by a court martial sitting in Indiana, where there was no war, and, being found guilty, had been sentenced to death. Mr. Lincoln had commuted their sentence to imprisonment for life, and they were then in the Indiana state prison. A writ of *habeas corpus* had been taken out to test the legality and constitutionality of their trial, and the judges in the Circuit Court had disagreed, and certified their disagreement up to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Judge Black said to me that he had seen a report of my remarks in Congress, and he asked if I would say the same thing in an argument before the Supreme Court of the United States. "Well," I said, "that depends altogether upon your case." Then he sent me the record of the case, and after reading it over, I said to him, "I believe in that doctrine." He answered, "Young man, you know it is a perilous thing for a young Republican in Congress to say what you are saying, and I don't want you to injure yourself." "That doesn't matter," I replied, "I believe in English liberty and English law. But, Mr. Black, I am not a practitioner in the Supreme Court, and I never tried a case anywhere." "How long ago were you admitted?" he asked. "About six years," I answered. "That will do," was his reply.

Then Judge Black took me over to the Supreme Court, and I was immediately admitted and entered upon this case. The Government side was represented by the Attorney-General, by General Butler, and two others whose names I don't now remember. General Butler had been called in because of his military knowledge, and altogether it was a very strong array of counsel. On our side was David Dudley Field, of New York; Judge Black, of Pennsylvania; Judge McDonald, of Indiana, and myself, four on a side. We went in with unlimited time. I sat down and worked two days and two nights, with only four or five hours' sleep, and wrought out the points of my argument.

The day before the trial was to come off in court all the counsel met for consultation in Washington, to determine upon the course of the case, and when we got together Judge Black said, "Well, we will hear from the youngest member in this case first. Garfield, what do you propose to do?" The scene was very much

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like that when I went before Buell, and submitted to him the plan of my Eastern Kentucky campaign. These men were the very foremost lawyers in the land, and I had to show them my hand without knowing the views of any one of them upon the management of the case. I took my points, and stated succinctly the line of my argument, and when I got through, and sat down, they all said, with one accord, "Don't change a line or a word of it."

The next day I went in and spoke two hours before the Supreme Court. McDonald opened the case, I followed, Judge Black followed me, and David Dudley Field wound up the case, and it was unanimously decided in our favor. The arguments were reported in full. The men we represented were paupers and prisoners. I paid for printing my own brief and my own argument, and I never saw the men, never had any relation with them, and have never received a dollar for my services. But this gave me, immediately, a standing in the U. S. Supreme Court, and brought me cases, and ever since I have had from two to seven cases a year in that court.

In another case before the Supreme Court, I was junior of Judge B. R. Curtis, of Boston. It was the last case he ever argued. The question involved was, What effect the war had on a life insurance policy—whether it vitiated the insurance of a man who lived in the South—a belligerent. We took the ground that it did. The question had never been tested in the Supreme Court. One of the judges happened to be sick, and the other eight were divided, four and four, so there was no decision. But a year later —after Judge Curtis's death—another case came up, involving the same question, and I was chosen by the same insurance company to manage it. I won it, the Court deciding that war renders void a policy of life insurance.

I have had a few cases outside of the Supreme Court. One was a railroad case in Mobile, Alabama, which I argued a year or two ago, and another was the great Alexander Campbell will case, in which I was again associated with Judge Black. We were for the defense, and, as Black had to leave, I had to argue it alone. Campbell, you know, was the founder of the Campbellites, or Disciples of Christ. His will was contested by certain people who had married into his family. He left about a quarter of a million dollars, and the contest was made on the ground that he was senile—had lost his memory. It was a ten days' trial, and we

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sustained the will. It was to me a labor of love, but all of the counsel were paid good fees. These several cases are enough to show the general drift of my career as a lawyer.

ADDRESSES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

I have delivered some addresses outside of Congressional topics, to which I would call your attention. The first is an oration on "College Education," delivered at Hiram. Then there is an oration delivered at Arlington, on the occasion of decorating the soldiers' graves; and one also on the life and character of Gen. George H. Thomas; but the one which comes nearer to my own life than any I ever made is one on the life and character of Miss Booth. When I struck Hiram I found her there—a woman nine years older than I, and who, I do not hesitate to say, was in some respects greater even than Margaret Fuller. In fact, I am disposed to think her the greatest American woman I have ever known. She was a very plain-looking person, with no external attractions, but with prodigious intellectual power. I studied with her for two years. She was a teacher at Hiram, and at the same time was fitting herself for college. When I went away to Williams she went to Oberlin, where she graduated in the full college course. Being so much older than I, she took at once one of those grand womanly interests in me, and she did more towards the molding of my intellectual life than any other person, unless it be President Hopkins. I would say that she and President Hopkins were the two great minds, outside of books, that helped to shape my life. You will find in my analysis of her character the story of her studies; and, as I shared them, what is said of her is true of me. Though I do not say it there, I will say to you that the history of my intellectual growth is more fully told in my account of her life than in anything else.

Then I made a speech at Hudson College, on the Future of the Republic, and one before the Business College in Washington on the "Elements of Success." The last was widely circulated. I have also made three or four Congressional speeches not on the usual Congressional topics. One was on Massachusetts presenting to Congress the statues of John Winthrop and General Adams. Another was on the relation of the National Government to science; another, on the presentation of the Carpenter painting, which is a sort of sketch of my idea of Lincoln's char-

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acter. Still another was on the death and services of Professor Joseph Henry. That is one, I think, in which you will find considerable meat, for I knew him very intimately. I had made a speech three years before on Morse, which is pretty fully quoted there.

In the Hudson College speech there is a discussion of the railway problem. A part of it somewhat alarmed the railroad people, and yet I was just to them. I tried to hold a position in equipoise between the people and their interests and the great railroad corporations, and justice to them. The two, I think, should be harnessed so as to work harmoniously together.

Among the various speeches I have made was one in January, 1879, on the occasion of the death of Gustave Schleicher, of Texas, a very able and learned German member of the House, for whom I had the highest regard. He was a sound-money man. In that speech I start out by saying: "We are accustomed to call England our fatherland. It is a mistake. One of the greatest of modern historians, writing the history of the English people, has said that England is not the fatherland of the English-speaking people, but Germany." I go into that and say: "The real fatherland of the people of this country is Germany, and our friend who has fallen came to us direct from our fatherland, and not, like the rest of us, around by the way of England." Then I give a little sketch of German character, and what Carlyle and Montesquieu said, that the British constitution came out of the woods of Germany. That speech has made me a host of friends among the Germans.

In 1878 I held two debates with George H. Pendleton, one at Lancaster, and one at Springfield, Ohio, on the issues of the campaign; and in speaking of my Congressional career I ought to have added that on the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, I made a speech in the House in reply to that gentleman. On the 13th of January, 1865, Pendleton made a curious and very astute speech, in which he said that we had no right to amend the Constitution so as to abolish slavery—that such a thing could not be done except by the consent of every one of the individual States, it being—like the reserved right that no State without its own consent can be deprived of equal representation in the Senate—one of those rights which cannot be interfered with. The privilege of sending two members to the Senate, by each State,

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irrespective of its size, is, you know, the only thing a Constitutional Amendment cannot change without consent of each and all the States. Pendleton put slavery upon the same basis, and he sustained his point by a very adroitly put argument. He undertook to show that in the nature and essence of the case slavery was such a thing, and that if you should carry every State except one to an amendment, in that one it would be untouched. My argument was to meet that, and I think it did that effectually.

I call to mind also a speech I made on the "Army and the Public Peace," wherein I show the necessity of keeping the army sufficiently strong to come to the aid of any one of the States in putting down speedily such riots as we had in Pittsburgh and New York City. With the large anarchical element which exists among the immigrants who come to us from Europe, and congregate in the large cities, there is always danger of such outbreaks.

There is another branch of this subject that is far too large to be taken up at all, except in a very summary way—my services on the stump. I have been in all the campaigns, save that of 1867, when I broke down in health, and made a trip to Europe. With the exception of that year, I have devoted as much time as any other man to the campaigns, and here at home have stood for honest money in all its phases against the waves of inflation and greenbackism. In the fall of my return from Europe the Republicans of this State had a miserable platform in favor of paying the bonded debt in greenbacks, and had fought on that issue. I had no sooner got back than my friends said to me, "For the Lord's sake, don't say anything on this subject, because the die is cast—the State is swept into the current."

I was on the point of leaving for Washington, and before I should return my successor would be nominated; therefore it was that my friends told me to be careful of my utterances, for the feeling was very strong, and I might miss of the nomination. Well, they gave me a sort of welcome at a place in the district, and at the meeting I rose and gave them a speech for the honest payment of the public debt, according to the letter of the contract, right in the teeth of their platform, and I said to them: "Much as I value your opinion, I denounce this theory which has worked into the party in this State as dishonest, unwise, and unpatriotic; and if I were offered a nomination and election from this district, for my natural life, on that platform, I should spurn

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it. If you should ever raise the question of re-nominating me, let it be understood that you can have my services only on the ground of the honest payment of the national debt, according to the letter and spirit of the contract."

Thus I took the bull by the horns, and then I went to Washington. I was re-nominated by acclamation. In this manner I have had to face things at home all the time, risking my political life at every step. But I have never let down at all, pottered with no one. In all parts of the country I have debated this question, and always in the same tone, never yielding one inch to expediency, but standing up everywhere and always for the honest payment of the public debt.

In addition to this outside work, I have written several articles for the magazines—several for the *Atlantic*, and quite a number for the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. One in the NORTH AMERICAN on "Appropriations," and a couple on "Army Organization," you had better read. The last were written when the Democrats were trying to tear up the army. They are probably a little too one-sided to have much of them quoted; but the fact of their being written, their scope and character, and the amount of study that is in them, is, perhaps, worthy of mention. Then I wrote in the NORTH AMERICAN in what is called "a symposium" on the question, "Ought Negro Suffrage to be Abolished?" Blaine headed it, and Hendricks, Alex. H. Stephens, Wendell Phillips and I were called in. My part was only a few pages; but you may think I there put the whole thing into a nutshell.

I have spoken of my trip to Europe in 1867. It was full of delight to me, though I was away only seventeen weeks. We struck at Liverpool, and then went down to London, stopping at Chester; were in London about six days, and listened to the great reform debate which let 700,000 Englishmen into the suffrage. Then we went up to Scotland and made the tour of the lakes; crossed the North Sea and landed at Rotterdam; went to Brussels, and up the Rhine to Switzerland; across the Alps into Italy, to Milan, Venice, and Rome; spent a week in Rome among the monuments and ruins; back across to Paris; spent a week there; then to London and Liverpool, and across to Kingston; then a trip through Ireland and home. That was our line of travel. It gave me restored health and the culture of it.

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THE SHAKESPEARE MYTH.

I AM asked to write something about the question of Francis Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare plays, and especially touching the cipher which I have discovered in the plays of 1st and 2d "Henry IV."

The argument as to the authorship of the plays is a vast one. In a magazine article one cannot do more than touch upon its shores. It already embraces a literature of its own, as one can see by consulting "The Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy," by W. H. Wyman,* which contains the titles of 255 different books, pamphlets, essays, etc.

It is argued that William Shakespeare, of Stratford on Avon, could not have written the plays, for the following, among many other, good reasons:

I. The plays, it is conceded, reveal great learning. Part of "Henry V." is written in French. The plots of some of the plays were derived from untranslated Italian novels, indicating that the author understood that language. There are proverbs quoted from the Spanish. The writer was evidently a master of Greek and Latin. He seemed to know everything.

Francis Bacon was the most learned man of his age; but the Stratford boy could have had no education but that which the rude village school could afford him; and there is no evidence that he ever attended even that. In the country schools of that day the English language was not taught. We have a pretty fair representation of the mode of teaching in the scene in "The Merry Wives" (Act IV., scene 1), where the Welsh school-master, *Evans*, puts the boy *William* through his "*hig, hag, hog.*" And yet "the first heir of his (Shakespeare's) invention," was, we are told, the "*Venus and Adonis,*" which the critics suppose he brought with him from Stratford when he first came to London;

*Published by Samuel C. Cox & Co., Cincinnati, O., 119 pp.

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and which is written in the most polished and courtly language of the day; without a trace of the provincialisms of his native Warwickshire.

II. The traditions which have come down to us concerning Shakespeare do not, any of them, point to the habits of a scholar or a gentleman. The first glimpse we have of the family was when John Shakspere, his father, was fined twelve pence, in 1552, for maintaining "a conspicuous *sterquinarium* before his house in Henley street; and under these unsavory circumstances does the history of the poet's father commence in the records of England."* The first tradition we have concerning Shakespeare himself is that of an ale-drinking contest with the "Bidford topers," while yet a young man, in which he became so beastly-drunk that he could not reach home, but slept all night by the road-side. We are told that he was a deer-stealer, and given to all "manner of unluckiness;" and that "Sir Thomas Lucy had him oft imprisoned and whipped." He married a woman some years older than himself, under unusual circumstances, and their first child was born six months after the marriage. The last tradition we have of him is that his death was the result of a drinking-bout with Drayton and Ben Jonson. Neither his father nor mother could read or write, and Halliwell Phillips doubts if there was a book in the house of his parents. There is no reference to any book or papers in Shakspere's will. His daughter Judith signed her name with a cross. Imagine the daughter of Herbert Spencer or William E. Gladstone (and the author of the plays was a greater, wiser, and more learned man than either of them) unable to read or write! It is inconceivable.

The plays show that the writer was a lawyer; they abound in the technical phraseology of the law. Kings, queens, clowns, soldiers, the very women, talk in the language of the courts. When a young gentleman proposes to kiss a young lady, she replies:

> "My lips are no common, though several they be."
> ("Love's Labor Lost," II., 1.)

Francis Bacon was a great and accomplished lawyer; but there is no evidence that the drunken poacher of Stratford was ever in a lawyer's office for an hour in his life.

III. Not a scrap of manuscript of William Shakspere has come

*Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare, J. O. Halliwell Phillips, p. 18.

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down to us—not a letter, memorandum, fragment of a journal, remnant of an unfinished play, or anything else has reached us. While the two houses on Henley street remained in the possession of his granddaughter, Lady Barnard, until 1670, and in the hands of the descendants of his sister, Joan Hart, "*down to the beginning of the present century,*" not one of his family was able to give to the famishing curiosity of the world a single scrap of paper, or book, or anything else, that ever belonged to the alleged poet. They did not seem to have ever possessed a copy of any one of the seventy-two editions of the plays or poems published in quarto during the lifetime of the supposed author.

We are asked to believe that the mightiest mind with which God ever blessed the race dwelt for fifty-two years on this planet, in the midst of the busy, bustling age of Elizabeth and James, surrounded by wits, poets, philosophers, pamphleteers, printers, and publishers, and in contact with events which affected the whole world and all history; and yet touched these men and events at no point, and left not the slightest impress on his age as an individual. It is as if a gigantic spirit had descended from another sphere, strode unheeded through the busy marts of men, dropped behind him carelessly vast and incalculable works, and then, striding on, disappeared suddenly and utterly in thin air.

IV. The writer of the plays esteemed them at their real worth. He says in one of the sonnets:

> "Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
> Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
> And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
> When all the breathers of this world are dead.
> You still shall live, (such virtue hath my pen),
> Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men."

And yet we are asked to believe that the author of these works, whose immortality he so clearly foresaw, whose value he so fully appreciated, never published one of them; never referred to them in his will; never provided for their publication; and although living at the rate of $12,000 a year, as tradition tells us, left eighteen out of thirty-six plays unpublished at his death, to take their chances of oblivion. They were not published until seven years after his death, in the Great Folio of 1623; and then not at the cost of his wealthy heirs, who had boasted on his monument of his literary genius, but as the folio itself tells us, "at the

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charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley." The man of Stratford was very particular to sue Philip Rogers for £1 19s. 10d., for "malt sold" (for "the poet" seems to have been running some sort of a brewery), but he died and left "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," "Henry VIII.," "The Tempest," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Measure for Measure," the "Comedy of Errors," the "Winter's Tale," and eight others of the great plays unpublished, at the risk of having his intellectual daughter Judith tear the manuscripts up and use them for curl-papers. It is horrible to ask intelligent people to believe any such story.

V. Shakspere himself never claimed the plays. He did not put his name on the title-leaf of any of them; for the name on the title-leaf is in every case, "*William Shakespeare*," very often printed with a hyphen, thus, "Shake-speare," while the three signatures to his will and the two others to legal instruments, these being the only autographs we have of him, are in each case spelled *Shakspere*, which must have been pronounced *Shack*-spere. And this seems to have been the accepted pronunciation in Stratford. In the records of the Town Council the name of Shakspere's father occurs 196 times, and in not one instance is it spelled *Shake*speare. It is given as Schacksper, Shackesper, Shaksper, Shaxpeare, and Shaxper. In "the poet's" marriage bond it is "Shagspere." The name on the title-leaf, and the eagle holding a spear in its claw, in the bogus coat of arms, were all part of the myth, devised by some keener mind behind the scenes. I believe it is now conceded that his wife's name was not *Hathaway*, but *Whatley*, and that she never lived in the Hathaway cottage, which thousands of sentimental tourists have visited with bedewed eyes. It is not certain that he was even born in that Mecca of our race, the Henley street cottage; and some have gone so far so to argue that a critical analysis of his signature proves that he could not read or write, but transcribed his name from copies, and used a different copy at different times. It is argued, with considerable show of probability, that the original name was *Jacques-Pierre* or John-Peter. Halliwell Phillips concedes that his claim to gentle blood was a fraud, and that the allegation that his "antecessors" had rendered valuable services to Henry VII., and that the King had rewarded them with a grant of lands in Warwickshire is all false. What kind of man

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must he have been, who would thus attempt to enter the ranks of the gentry with a lie ?

On the other hand, the character and career of Francis Bacon fit, in every particular of chronology, incident, opinion, studies, attainments, occupations, purposes, modes of thought, and modes of expression into the characteristics of the plays.

Let me give three instances, out of a multitude, of perfect parallelism of idea and language :

The first is taken from the "Authorship of Shakespeare," written by Hon. Nathaniel Holmes.*

Bacon says :

"In the third place, I set down character and reputation, the rather because they have certain *tides* and season, which, if they be not *taken* in due time, are difficult to be recovered, it being extremely hard to restore a falling reputation."—*De Augmentis.*

Shakespeare has :

"There is a *tide* in the affairs of men,
Which, *taken* at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."
"Julius Cæsar," IV., 3.

Mrs. Henry Pott, of London, in her great work, "The Promus,"† calls attention to the following striking parallelism :

In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" (Act IV., scene 2), we have :

Thu. How, now, *Sir Proteus*, are you *crept* before us ?
Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio ;* for you know that *love*
Will *creep in service where it cannot go.*"

While Bacon, in a letter to James I., written in 1610, which accompanied the sending of a portion of the "History of Great Britain," says :

"This (History), being but a leaf or two, I pray your pardon if I send it for your recreation, considering that *love must creep where it cannot go.*"

Now, as the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" was not published

* The authorship of "Shakespeare." By Nathaniel Holmes. Hurd & Houghton : New York, p. 309.

† The Promus of Francis Bacon. By Mrs. Henry Pott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: Boston, 1883, p. 24.

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until 1623, Bacon could not, in 1610, have borrowed from Shakespeare; and, as the letter to the king was never published prior to Shakespeare's death (1616), Shakespeare could not have borrowed from Bacon.

Permit me to give a third parallelism which I have observed. Bacon says:

"Some noises help sleep . . . as soft *singing*. The cause is for that they move in the *spirits* a gentle *attention*."—*Nat. History*, § 745.

While in Shakespeare we have the following:

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music,
The reason is your *spirits* are *attentive*."
("Merchant of Venice," V., 1.)

Here we have the same conception in identical language. In each case the philosopher not only observes the same fact, but gives the same reason for the thing he observes.

If space permitted, I could fill pages with equally striking parallelisms. But let those who desire to study this most interesting subject turn to Mrs. Pott's book or Judge Holmes's work, or read that splendid specimen of vituperative eloquence, wherein W. O'Connor* pours forth a mingled stream of honey and vitriol, in reply to Richard Grant White's criticism of Mrs. Pott's "Promus."

The commendatory verses of Ben Jonson, prefixed to the folio of 1623, are often referred to as conclusive proof that Ben, at least, believed Shakspere to have been the author of the Shakespeare writings. But Ben was often in the employment of Bacon; he was one of his "good pens;" he helped him to translate his philosophical works into Latin; he was doubtless in the secret. The commendatory verses were part of the myth. They are full of double meanings, and it is a startling fact that Jonson applied the precise language to Bacon which he had used in these verses in reference to Shakespeare. Addressing the shade of the departed poet, Ben says:

"Or, when thy socks are on,
Leave thee alone for the *comparison*
Of all that *insolent Greece or haughty Rome*
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

Jonson left behind him, at his death, in 1637, certain memo-

* "Hamlet's Note-Book." By William D. O'Connor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1886. 78 pp.

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randa, called his "Discoveries," and in these he speaks of Bacon as follows:

"But his learned and able, but unfortunate, successor, is he who hath *filled up all numbers*, and performed that in one tongue which may be *compared* or preferred either to *insolent Greece or haughty Rome*."

"Filled up all numbers," means had written poetical compositions in all measures. What were they? In Bacon's acknowledged works we find no metrical compositions, except the translation of a few psalms, made in his old age, and on a bed of sickness. But, says Ben Jonson, he, Bacon, had written a diversity of poetical works that could be compared with "insolent Greece or haughty Rome." What were they? Were they those very plays which Ben had already told us could be compared with all that "insolent Greece or haughty Rome" had ever sent forth?

The temptation is great, but space will not permit me to go farther into this boundless argument.

Bacon's dearest friend, Sir Tobie Matthew, was undoubtedly in his secret. Sir Tobie writes Bacon a letter in acknowledgment of the gift of "a great and noble token," presumed to be the Shakespeare folio of 1623, and he adds this postscript:

"The most prodigious wit that ever I knew, of my nation and of this side of the sea, is of your lordship's name, *though he be known by another*."

Bacon, in the sixth book of the "*De Augmentis*," says:

"As for writing, it is performed either by the common alphabet, which is used by everybody, or by a secret and private one, agreed upon by particular persons, which they call *ciphers*."

That is to say, a cipher is a secret *alphabet*. And we find Bacon corresponding with Sir Tobie, and referring to "works of his recreation," and to "works of the *alphabet*." And then, about the time the Shakespeare folio of 1623, in which, be it remembered, half the plays appear for the first time, is about to be published, we find Bacon writing to Sir Tobie that it is time to "put the *alphabet* in a frame." What was the frame? The folio:—for I shall show that the cipher depends on the paging of the folio, and the paging is as a frame to the text.

But it will occur to many that the proposition that a set of great, recognized writings could be made the vehicle for an internal cipher-narrative is preposterous. It will be asked:—Why, if

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Bacon had anything to tell the world, did he not tell it? Why did he go to work

"By indirection to find direction out?"

Why did he set forth in this laborious and hidden fashion what he could just as easily have published broadcast to the world, and sold, for sixpence a copy, from the stall of "The White Greyhound in Paul's Church Yard?"

But these plays were written in the sixteenth century, not in the nineteenth; in the reign of Elizabeth, not of Victoria and Grover. They were written in an age when free thought and free speech led to the scaffold and the stake; when the direful odors of the flesh of burning human beings filled the air and their shrieks deafened the ears of men; when the philosopher Bruno was perishing in the streets of Rome, and the unbeliever Jett was dying in the flames of Smithfield. The age of ciphers ended when the age of liberty came. Despotism always begets secretiveness. To speak is to die. And not all of the dark cloud which then enveloped Europe is dissipated—some shreds of fog still skirt the horizon. We no longer burn men for their opinions, but it is still uncomfortable, and sometimes dangerous, to run counter to the universal belief of the unreasoning multitude. When Delia Bacon announced her conviction, the result of great study and a lifetime of earnest thought, that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays, all society rose up in insurrection against her, and she was hounded and persecuted, ridiculed and misrepresented, until the brain of the poor woman—the best brain it was in America—gave way under the inhuman pressure. And then her tormentors pointed to her insanity, and have ever since continued to point to it, as conclusive proof of the folly of her theory. As if there were not thousands of women in the insane asylums who believed that Shakespeare wrote the plays himself! As if insanity proved anything but physical degeneration.

It is but a year or two since Richard Grant White soberly proposed that if any man believed that Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays, the proper place for him was the lunatic asylum; and Richard would have sent him there, if the law had permitted him, rather than see the copyright of his books or his stereotype plates rendered valueless. He poured forth an utter flood of Billingsgate over the devoted head of one of the most

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learned women of England for having written a book, "The Promus," which is an honor to the English name, and which sought to prove the thesis of Bacon's authorship of the plays.

If such things are possible to-day, how could Francis Bacon have dared to publish the inner history of the court of Elizabeth and James, or his inmost opinions of men and things, in his own time? His head would have rolled from the block. If dead, his body would have been dragged from the grave, as was that of Cromwell, and distributed to decorate the gates of London.

Imagine a mighty spirit, such as was he who wrote these plays. A mighty spirit! Aye: for what other name is fitted to stand beside that which we call Shakespeare? Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, Dante, Molière, Goethe,—giants of time they were, but they shrink into mediocrity in this august presence. All of dramatic power the most wonderful, of poetry the most resplendent, of art the most subtle, of philosophy the most profound, of learning the most universal, of genius the most sublime,—this is Shakespeare. Increasing civilization has simply enlarged our capacity to comprehend these wonderful writings; they dominate the race; they are taking possession of the brain and blood of the whole world.

Imagine such a mighty genius as this, but poor and powerless, living in little, dirty London; in petty England, with its three million people, dominated by Elizabeth.

> "A woman, though the phrase may seem uncivil,
> As able and as cruel as the devil."

Imagine how full such a brain and heart must have been:—wrath, revenge, sorrow, shame, pity, wisdom—and speechless!

> "The grief that will not speak
> Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."

He has much to tell posterity which his own age will not hear. How shall he tell it?

He lives in an age of ciphers. He has written about them; he has invented them. He has helped Essex to carry on the diplomatic correspondence of Europe in ciphers. He is, by nature, secretive; you see it in the very look of his pictures; watchful and suspicious, as if he lived under the constant shadow of a possible exposure.

But his genius penetrates the future. He labors to improve

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the world. He sees in his mind's eye this august American Republic. Speaking in "Henry VIII.," of James I., he says:

> "Wherever the bright sun of Heaven shall shine,
> His honor, and the greatness of his name
> Shall be, *and make new nations.*"

He is interested personally in schemes of colonization of our Atlantic seaboard. This is his NEW ATLANTIS. And it is remarkable how many of his schemes for the good of mankind have already been unwittingly carried out in this fair and blessed land.

He sees that there is a great future for mankind, when religious wars have ceased, and experimental philosophy has opened the way to new inventions, and man's increased power over nature has multiplied the delights and capacities of life.

His writings will not perish. He knew their value. He was the only man in the world at that time who did. Hear him:

> "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."
> *Sonnet LV.*

And again:

> "Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
> When in *eternal lines* to time thou goest;
> So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
> So long lives this, and this gives life to thee."
> *Sonnet XVIII.*

He will embody his story, with which his heart is full, in those great dramatic works which have so delighted the multitude by "their facetious grace in writing;" and which "have had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeales."

He will give the world not only the greatest dramatic and poetical compositions it has ever possessed, but he will make them a cipher work of incomprehensible industry and ingenuity, weaving together, as in a majestic loom, fact, fiction, history, comedy, poetry, biography, and making thereof a tapestry fit to adorn the palaces of the gods.

But it will be asked, how could he be sure his secret ever would be found out?

He knew a critical age could not fail to draw the contrast, as it has done, between Shackspere's life and Shake-speare's works.

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He knew that sooner or later the stupidest lout would exclaim with *Caliban:*

> "And I'll be wise hereafter,
> And seek for grace: what a thrice double ass
> Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
> And worship this dull fool?"
>
> ("Tempest," V., 4.)

And he put into the "Merry Wives," on page 53 of the *Comedies,* in the Folio of 1623, the word "BACON" with a capital B; and on the same column he placed the word "WILLIAM," repeated a dozen times; and on the next column "PEERE;" and two pages ahead "SHAKES." And in the same Folio, on page 53 of the *Histories* (observe the recurrence of the number), he inserted again the word "BACON," and on the next column the word "NICHOLAS" (his father's name), twice repeated, and on the next page, 54 "BACON-FED," again with a capital B; and then the odd word "BACONS," again with a capital B; and on the next page, 55, "FRANCIS," and on the next page, 56, "FRANCIS" repeated twenty times, just as "WILLIAM" was on page 53 of the *Comedies.*

And be it observed that the word "BACON," standing alone, and not hyphenated, and printed with a capital B, appears only twice in the nine hundred pages of the Folio, and each time it is on page 53—first on page 53 of the *Comedies,* then on page 53 of the *Histories.*

And on page 52 of the *Histories,* facing the second "BACON," and like an index-finger pointing directly at it, we find this sentence:

> "Peace, cousin, say no more,
> And now I will *unclasp a secret book,*
> And, to your *quick conceiving discontents,*
> I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
> As full of peril and adventurous spirit
> As to o'er walk a current roaring loud
> On the unsteadfast footing of a *speare.*"
>
> ("I. Henry IV.," I., 3.)

IGNATIUS DONELLY.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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SOME LEGACIES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

I.

Our civil war in its progress presented many interesting problems, both military and political. Some of these (mainly the military) were solved by the actual experiences of the war, but a number of the most valuable of those having political aspects, have not, it appears to me, received the amount of attention which their intrinsic importance demands or the welfare of the country should exact. Such of them as were not solved by the immediate succession of events, as were most of the military questions, appear either to have passed without notice at the time or to have been forgotten or neglected since.

It is sufficiently apparent that so great a convulsion, involving so many highly intelligent people, characterized by such tremendous occurrences, and leading to such momentous results, both foreign and domestic, lasting through four years of unrelenting war and many more years of internecine strife and bitterness, could not have invaded our history without displaying to our attention many most valuable and novel lessons, the careful study of which at the time could not fail to inure greatly to the benefit of our posterity and the stability of the government we transmit to them.

It is my purpose in this brief paper to invite what attention I may to two or three of these questions which, so far, we seem to have little considered.

It is hardly necessary to say that, although the real and immediate cause of our Civil War was the manifest purpose of the minority of our people to extend the area of slavery, the avowed principle on which the war was waged was the old and long-controverted doctrine of State sovereignty and State rights. The first of these questions has been completely, and the latter in a limited sense, settled by the result of the war, and it is no longer

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profitable to discuss them in any relation they bear to the integrity of the government; but so violent a solution of questions interwoven with all our social and political institutions has occasioned so much and such widespread bitterness of feeling on the part of the losers, and such deep-rooted dislike of the theories they maintained on the part of those who were successful, that there was much danger that the natural reaction might carry us so far in the readjustment of political relations that we should inflict on the country political heresies as fatal to the perpetuity of our institutions as any of those which now lie buried in the graves of so many of the best and noblest of our countrymen. We have learned, and have overcome, the disadvantages of the doctrine of State rights. Would it not have been well, also, to follow this by some more study than we have given to its advantages?

It is a little curious, at first glance, to notice that that section of our countrymen who planted themselves upon the extremest doctrines of State sovereignty, and founded a government upon the principle that each of its States possessed complete control of its own affairs, even to the extent of separating itself from the general government without assigning a reason for doing so, had actually within two years almost annihilated these State governments by assuming a control of many of them which never would have been thought of by the Government in Washington, nor tolerated by the people of the North.

The future historian of the war may, perhaps, find the best explanation of the breakdown of the South in the fact that the Southern people, in the early part of the struggle, had, by their own hands, almost destroyed what they professedly waged war to uphold.

It is equally curious to note that, in the North, where theories of State sovereignty almost the precise opposite of those maintained in the South were held by a large majority of the people, the State governments, from the very beginning of hostilities, steadily and rapidly increased in power and influence, until, long before the conclusion of the war, they occupied a position of commanding importance in the conduct of national affairs, unknown to their history theretofore. So far from any attempt being made to impair their constitutional powers or restrict their rights of local self government, it was soon discovered that in war, as in peace, for raising great armies expeditiously and keeping them in

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the field successfully, as for administering affairs in profound peace, they were equally admirable and equally efficient instrumentalities. We can realize now, as probably many of us could not then, the important fact that the general government, by recognizing this truth promptly and acting upon it consistently, alone acquired the power to prosecute the war to a successful conclusion. In every detail of the service, from the movements of armies in battle down to the supply of the smallest article for the comfort and contentment of the soldier, the hands of the State government were everywhere felt and their good influence everywhere made manifest. They stood by us alike in sorrow and misfortune as in victory and in triumph. But for them our ranks would have been thinner and our spirits lower many times during those long years of bloody strife.

In war, as in peace, our State governments are our sure reliance, and it would certainly show little wisdom in the people of this country, in this or any succeeding generation, to lend their aid to measures likely to jeopardize the true position and rightful functions of the State governments under the Constitution of the United States.

We have dealt thoroughly with the attempt of some of the State governments to overthrow the rightful authority of the United States. Will it not be well for us now to be equally careful that the rightful authority of the State governments be not invaded in like manner? And in all deference and respect, I venture to suggest that the great source of apprehension in this direction does not seem to me to lie so much in any likely action of the legislative or executive departments of the general government as in the interpretations of constitutional and statute law by the courts of the United States, and through decisions, their gradual and almost unobserved usurpation of the powers of the State courts. Surely the extent of the jurisdiction of the United States courts and the detail to which it has been carried, find no parallel in the history of those courts for the fifty years before the Civil War. It seems rather hard to comprehend how a State government can be said to control its own local affairs when a subordinate court of the United States, by its own process, can seize a railroad within the limits of the State and completely remove it and its employés from State control. And this, notwithstanding the fact that the railroad exists

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only by permission of the State, and subject to such limitations and conditions as its charter specifies. Not only are the persons employed on the road, as well as the road itself, removed thus summarily from the control of its creator, the State, but it is operated by the court within the State limits by its own employés whether the State consents or not. The State creates a corporation which is permitted to exist and do business on certain specified conditions. The United States courts seize and operate it without consent of its master and absolutely in violation of the conditions and limitations under which the State consented to allow it to live at all. Again, the roads thus possessed and operated by the United States courts, together with the armies of employés working on them, occupy a relation to the criminal law and the police administration of the State altogether different from that held by other people and property in the State. In case of riot among railroad employés or others, in any way affecting the safety or convenience of the railroad, the United States Marshal promptly calls for a force of the regular army and the War Department may and does so order without the request or consent of the State Legislature or the Governor, and so a portion of the State, of its citizens, and of their property are completely removed from the jurisdiction of the State, and an armed police force introduced to apply other rules and measures than those of the State, and directed by other authority, to keep the peace among its citizens. This procedure makes the idea of States rights and local self-government somewhat hazy. No doubt plenty of decisions based on good law can be produced to justify this and like proceedings. It is in human nature that any organization of men possessed of power over their fellow men will seek by honorable means to increase and expand it, and the power to interpret the law creating it is an immense temptation to the judges, even if only to magnify the dignity and influence of the court itself. If there be really danger that the authority of the State governments may be too much restricted for the free and unobstructed exercise of their legitimate powers under the Constitution of the United States (the benefit of which was so deeply felt and admitted during the war), it might be respectfully suggested to the United States courts to try, for a time, the opposite method of determining the extent and character of their jurisdiction; that is, that they study the law for the purpose of

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determining how little, rather than how much, they can absorb of the power and authority of the State courts, and the rightful authority of the State, without neglect of their own obligations.

This reverse process of examining and interpreting the law would at once make clear how wide apart would be the results reached by the two methods, and both reached by equally sound decisions; and thus, perhaps, enable the courts to arrive at a conclusion equally removed from both extremes, and, perhaps, also, more conducive to the general welfare and content.

II.

Another question equally important and perhaps more difficult to solve, was left to us by the war and by the events which followed. That question is, how we can absorb and assimilate into our social and political body the population both of foreign nationalities and of distinct races among ourselves? The former have always, the latter only recently, been endowed with the rights of citizenship, but neither of them prepared, by knowledge and experience, to discharge such obligations intelligently. It is a well-known fact that all the peoples who have founded and consolidated great empires, since history began, have possessed one peculiar faculty, the faculty of assimilating populations, of digesting, as it were, the peoples they acquired by conquest or treaty, and of turning into citizens like themselves the almost infinite variations of mankind which in any manner fell under their influence. This peculiar power can be traced clearly in the history of all the great peoples from the beginning. Of the two peoples of the civilized world of to-day who possess it, we are one, and so long as it remains unimpaired and in full force we may look to a future of prosperity and progress. When it ceases to act, we may understand without fear of mistake that we have reached the zenith of our fortunes and must begin to contemplate our certain decline. Until lately we have detected no signs of weakness or decay. We have welcomed to our shores all strangers, from whatever country or in whatever numbers they chose to come, and we have conferred upon them, to such an extent, the rights and privileges we ourselves possess, that absolutely the result of popular elections in many of our Western States is determined often by the votes of foreign immigrants not citizens of the United States; that is, of foreigners who have only declared their intention to become

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citizens, and actually thereby, by the laws of these States, do become voters after a residence not one-fifth so long as the United States requires for their naturalization as citizens of this country. So far we have been able to assimilate them, and to make, out of the native of every country in the civilized world, an American in idea and in feeling.

All have adapted themselves (or did so before the war) to the conditions around them without much effort, and it is not too much to say that many of our best and most valuable citizens have come to us, in times not remote, from countries alien to us in blood, in language, and in institutions. Such were the conditions prior to the Civil War.

Unfortunately, however, *since* the war, and attracted by its successful issue, European immigrants have poured themselves upon us in far greater numbers, but of far less respectability and worth, than any of their predecessors. All varieties of the criminal, and the political and social agitator, and the lowest creatures of poverty and ignorance have been encouraged and helped by their own governments to precipitate themselves into our midst, reluctant as we have been to accept them. The agitators, whether Socialists, Anarchists, Nihilists, or whatever they call themselves, have promptly thrust themselves to the front: they infest every public meeting and enliven its proceedings by their presence and their oratory. It is quite manifest by the riotous and, at times, murderous transactions, which have found, so far, their extremest development at Chicago, that our old system of assimilation cannot be applied to such creatures as these. If we desire to appropriate and digest them, we must devise some newer and speedier method of doing so than the old methods that have sufficed in the past. The constantly increasing hordes of such people who are invading us every day, without an attempt on our part to resist, or even to discriminate among them, make it quite apparent that we have no time to lose if we would stay evils which threaten the overthrow, or, at least, the demoralization of our social and political organization.

There is no doubt, I think, that nine-tenths of our fellow-citizens of foreign birth who have been some time domiciled in this country view with even greater anxiety (because they better know the dangers than we do) this constantly increasing influx of political and social outlaws and of hopeless paupers, and would gladly

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concur in any measures to restrain if not wholly to arrest it. The first sentiment we must get rid of (and it will be hard, remembering how we have flaunted it in the face of mankind so long) is that "America is the asylum of the oppressed of all nations," unless we couple it with what is much more a truism, "and also the refuge of the scoundrels and paupers of Europe." Late events in various parts of the country make it apparent that we must call a halt in this unjustifiable and most impolitic invitation to utterly ignorant or destitute foreigners, to sit down, unwashed and unshorn, to our banquet of liberty and self-government, at which they immediately assume the foremost position and announce and respond to every sentiment.

III.

More especially should we cease to overload our political stomach with this indigestible stuff until we have digested or in some way disposed of the great mass of ignorant people of a distinct race whom we already have in our midst, and whom the outcome of the war has left in such new and perplexing relations to us. As we ourselves brought these poor people or their ancestors to this country against their wish, and have placed them in such unfamiliar and irritating connections with their old neighbors, we surely owe to them such effort to settle them among us as citizens, and to make more satisfactory their status among the people around them, as our own action toward them imposes on us. Certainly, this duty is far higher and more binding upon us than the obligations of hospitality to such crowds of emigrants as are invading us from Europe. It happened, unfortunately, no doubt, that this great increase of emigration to this country began about the time we so suddenly endowed four millions of colored people with all the rights of citizenship. Certainly, it made the tax upon our powers of digestion greater than any wise statesmen should have consented to impose, but it has been done, and now we must decide whether our duty, as well as our direct interest, does not demand that we provide first for those we have created citizens from among our own population, if, indeed, any choice is left us. The negroes are here, and by our own act endowed by law with all the rights we ourselves possess, though also by our own act they had been unfitted for self-gov-

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ernment by centuries of slavery and enforced ignorance. Extraordinary circumstances, and what seemed imperative necessity, forced us to bestow on them the rights of citizenship, and common justice to them, as well as our own direct interest, demands that we put forth every effort to fit them for the duties we have imposed upon them. It is a great task in itself, only just begun, and of doubtful issue still, and, at times, of grievous discouragement. There are portions of this continent we live on and some of the islands of the sea which, no doubt, it would be better for us and for mankind that we should possess, and were they without population, or with such a population as ours, it would be well, perhaps to acquire them, but certainly not till we have arrested or greatly limited the dangerous and troublesome hordes of emigrants from abroad, and placed in a far more satisfactory condition the large number of new citizens so recently added to our population in the Southern States. If we accomplish this task, we can approach the acquisition of new regions and the assimilation of additional foreign elements with some assurance of success. If we fail, we shall be confronted with difficulties greater than any we have yet overcome. Actual necessity demands that we put a stop to any addition to our burden by immigration from abroad, at least until we have made far more satisfactory disposition of what we have.

IV.

There is another singular result developed by the war, which may have such wide-spread influence on the country that, it appears to me, it should be carefully studied, and its significance (if it have any) be clearly shown. I state it with much diffidence, and only because it can be easily verified, and because it involves questions in which we are alike interested in all parts of the country. I disclaim any purpose whatever, other than an honest wish to seek and examine into all that our history has offered us which appears to deserve serious consideration.

Because a truth may not be agreeable to hear, it is hardly the part of wisdom in a clear-sighted, intelligent people to ignore it or put it aside, or even to have any feeling concerning it, except the wish to remedy what is evil and perpetuate what is good.

This singular fact was presented for our consideration at the conclusion of our Civil War. We had passed through four years of a great and bloody war; a convulsion which upheaved the

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nation from the very foundations; in which our social and political institutions were at stake and in danger of complete shipwreck; a war which invaded every household and sat by every fireside in the land, and in which every man, woman and child was personally interested.

Such a struggle commanded and obtained the best efforts of everybody, regardless of age, sex or condition. It is needless to say that the efforts were put forth and the sacrifices freely made. For us the war ended successfully, and in its progress the men best fitted to accomplish the work were naturally produced, and did it wisely and well, but when the victory was won we found this curious, and it seems to me, significant fact:

The President was a Western man, the Vice-President a Western man, the Chief Justice of the United States a Western man, the Speaker of the House a Western man, the Secretary of the Treasury a Western man, the Secretary of War a Western man, the Secretary of the Interior a Western man, the Postmaster-General a Western man, the Attorney-General a Western man, the General of the Army a Western man, the Lieutenant-General of the Army a Western man, the Admiral of the Navy a Western man—in short, the whole power of the government, both in its civil and in its military departments, had, during this tremendous struggle, passed into the hands of men from the West. I repeat that I have no purpose whatever in setting forth these facts, easy to be verified, except the honest desire that if there be meaning in them, if they are really of consequence to us as a people, we may recognize and act upon them. It is the fact that, during our Civil War, the most tremendous convulsion that is recorded in history, New England produced neither a great soldier nor a statesman of commanding influence. Several explanations of a result so surprising have been suggested, but none which would appear to be satisfactory. Among the more plausible of them is the suggestion that some of these high functionaries were natives of the Eastern States; but this fact hardly furnishes a sufficient explanation, unless it can also be truly said that the ten or twenty years these men lived among a people so different in modes of thought and manner of education as they found in the West, made no impression upon them, and that they attained the same development they would have done had they remained amidst the surroundings and associations of their youth. Of course such a proposition

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could be overthrown by the experience of every man to whom it was applied.

My own consideration of the subject, which I give briefly and with much diffidence, has led me to inquire whether in the common school system of education, which has been long enough in operation in the Eastern States to bear full fruits, but which has only been introduced into the West in comparatively recent times, we may not find some clue to so strange a fact. Is it not true, that such sameness of books, of modes of teaching, and of men who teach, as prevails in our public schools, and must always prevail while the present organization and management is maintained, tends directly to that uniformity in habits of mind and modes of thought which eliminates all originality and leaves the subjects of such teaching with so few differences, that the friction of ideas necessary to individual development and general advancement becomes next to impossible?

Is it not true that the law of our creation is infinite diversity, mental and physical, and equally true that our system of common school education directly substitutes uniformity? Is it wise to make systems of education so uniform in all their details that there is danger that they will turn out men as much alike as buttons from a factory? Is the development of communities and States or of individuals the object of education? Are not the results of such a system much in the nature of hotel soups, which have such sameness of flavor that no man can tell whether the essential element is fish, flesh, or fowl? General education carried to the extremest possible limit is not only of all things desirable, but in a government like ours it is essential to its welfare and perpetuity. The question here is not as to the increase and extension of educational facilities and advantages, but whether as now they shall be made to conform to one standard, which must of necessity conduct us to general uniformity, which means stagnation, or whether they shall be carefully organized with a view to general diversity in books and in modes of teaching. Is it better for us, in view of our individual or national development, that we should all look at the subjects presented for our consideration from the same or from many different standpoints? I beg to be understood as not offering any solution of this question. I am not at all confident myself that I have even indicated the way thereto. I do hope, however, that what I have said may serve to invite more inquiry than seems

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to have been made, into a subject which certainly, on cursory examination, appears of sufficient interest to command the attention of those most capable of discussing it. Above all things, however, such a problem should be approached in the true spirit of inquiry, without prejudice and without reluctance to face the results and to tell them openly.

V.

But perhaps the most unhappy legacy which our Civil War has left us, is the general neglect of the obligations and duties of citizenship. It is a sin which is growing daily, and which threatens soon to transfer all the political business of the country into the hands of those least qualified to do it. It is both strange and discouraging that the high privilege of taking direct part in the government of one's own country—a privilege for the possession of which great wars have been waged and whole countries laid waste—should have come to be regarded with so much indifference that, like the air we breathe, we trouble ourselves to inquire neither whence it came nor whither it is going. Yet, scarce twenty years have passed since the mass of our people were exposing their lives on the field of battle to maintain the integrity of the government and the rights of its citizens. Among the foremost of these men are some, many, indeed, of the most grievous of these sinners. Have we the right to complain of corruption in our politics when the best of us subordinates the exercise of this high privilege, even in its simplest form of voting, to occupations and amusements which lead to no end except personal gain or enjoyment? Can we long satisfy our consciences or hope to preserve our institutions, if we studiously neglect or contemptuously disregard privileges and duties essential to their existence? Not thus did those who took active part in the field during our Civil War learn the obligations of duty. Whilst the world only contemplates the victory, as it regards other great successes of government, these soldiers knew how the results were achieved, how the victory was won. They knew that not alone to the bravery and skill of our troops in the battle was the triumph due, but to that careful attention in advance to every detail of service, and to that conscientious performance of the smallest duties, which brought our armies into the battle in the best condition to win it. How comes it that the rules of con-

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duct which gave us the victory in war should so soon have been forgotten or neglected in the administration of the government they preserved, even by many of the very men who profited so much by them? Can we expect to be more successful in peace by neglecting our most important duties as citizens, than in war by neglecting the first duty of the soldier? Do we really believe that our administrative machinery can be honestly and efficiently conducted by the most ignorant and corrupt, any more that we believe that battles can be won by the incompetent and cowardly of the army? How can it be explained that the very men who faced death in a hundred battles merely to preserve their government and the institutions built up under it, are willing at once to trust its administration to people whom they know to be unfit or corrupt, or both? Politics, the daily history of our country, the embodiment of its wishes, hopes, and purposes, and which, in days not remote, furnished the highest and most honorable career to the capable and ambitious men of this country, and which was believed to be, and actually is, the highest secular vocation among us, has come, by the mere fact of the neglect of so many, and of such citizens to perform their civil duties, to be considered a career to be avoided, rather than sought by those best qualified to pursue it successfully. There appears to exist no longer in this country much respect for high office, nor for the men who hold it. The "talents" of the Romans, coined and stamped, are, of necessity, in such a condition as this, far more efficacious in securing public office than the talents supplied by nature and made useful by culture. The annual salary is now the measure of the importance of a public office, not great duties and high responsibilities. Naturally all this follows the low respect with which so many of our best citizens treat their political duties and the scarcely concealed scorn and suspicion with which they view those of their fellow citizens more conscientious than they in the matter. To say nothing of the higher duty of patriotism in its large application to the nation, it would be naturally supposed that municipal government, in which every citizen is directly and personally interested, financially as well as otherwise, would at least command a certain amount of active effort from those who are the victims of it. It is not pleasant nor satisfactory to witness the slow, but not less certain, confiscation of property which is going on in our large cities through the operations of a municipal government whose officers

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are nominated by the irresponsible and ignorant of both political parties, the election of either of which is alike injurious to the interests of good government. It takes but little observation to discover to how low a condition our politics have sunk in the estimation of the people, and to what evil consequences such a downward drift is carrying us. It is the fault of the intelligent and honest among us that this deplorable state of facts obtains. From the top and not from the bottom come the evils which are degrading us, and which threaten, if not corrected, to destroy everything that is admirable or valuable in our government. How to reach this evil and to abate it is certainly worth the consideration of the American citizen.

JOHN POPE.

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WHY AM I A JEW?

In less than one year my people will enter the thirty-third century of its separate existence as a nation, and now you ask me why I am a Jew! Certes, the reason must be strong, since the same reason has animated my ancestors all these centuries.

Why am I a Jew? Because in the spring month of the year 2448 A. M. my fathers went forth from Egypt, as a nation destined to march in the van of human progress, called into existence only for the mere purpose of leading, as the first-born of God,[1] His other children of earth to Him, the Father of all.[2]

I am a Jew because I believe that the Jew is a necessity to the world. I am a Jew because I recognize the rôle of my nation to be that of the servant of God in ministering to mankind's greatest wants.[3] I am a Jew because I understand and acknowledge that my people has no other logical reason for its existence on the stage of history in the face of tempests, changing scenes, "wars, alarums, and excursions,"—in the face of all ethnological law and historic experience, except as that conservative principle without which progress becomes unreal and evanescent and civilization unstable.

Why am I a Jew? Never are my thoughts directed to present the Jew in his attitude to the world, but on the canvas of my mind a historical figure appears. It is that of a man whose face bears the marks of suffering, physical and mental, as if to the pangs of the flesh have been added, times beyond count, agonies which have wrung from his heart-strings the saddest sounds of human woe. He is pictured as if rising from the ground on which he has fallen; in one hand is the pilgrim's staff, in the other is a scroll which he presses to his breast. From his eyes beam forth strength invincible, resolution unconquerable, intelligence unquenchable, while tear-marks on his cheeks and care-lines on his

[1] Exod. iv. 22. [2] Malachi ii. 10. [3] Isa. xlii. 5, 6, 7.

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forehead, rents in his clothing, and bloodstains upon it, arrest attention. Speak to him, and he will say he has traveled far, he has endured many a storm, has undergone much ill-treatment, has been hurled in the dust ten thousand times. Ask him why he has suffered so much, and with a ring of pride in his voice, he will say because he is a Jew—the Jew of history, the centuried pilgrim of the ages, the Jew, as his prophet pictured he would be, "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,"[4] "esteemed stricken, smitten, and afflicted"[5] by peoples whose transgression of all laws of justice wounded him, whose iniquitous persecutions bruised him, who thought that by his sufferings, his stripes, they were healed.[6] Ask him why he was a Jew, to suffer so in the past. His eyes will light up with the deathless fire of Faith as pointing to his scroll, he will say: "This is why I am, why I was, and why I will be, a Jew."

IN THE PAST

oft was I asked why was I a Jew? I was asked it by the waters of Babylon, where first I paused in the pilgrimage in which I was to accomplish the world-work I neglected in my fatherland. I simply pointed to the temple of Bel. I asked was it possible for me to honor Mylitta? I turned away in horror, in protest against prostitution, cruelty, vice, all the hateful curses of Zebaism.[7] I passed into Greece. The witching beauty of Mythos attracted me. Very powerful was its fascination; but there floated in my mind the melody of Mi Camo'ha, and these echoes of MaCaBI[8] kept me faithful. I could not reconcile the teachings of Greek myth or Greek philosophy with what is in this scroll. Therefore I remained a Jew. I heard Epicurus on happiness, the wisdom of Socrates, Plato's Republic, Aristotle's philosophy, but their teachings or lives opposed[9] the "Ye shall be holy" of my Torah.[10] I passed into Italy. I found the same absence of spiritual life. Inhuman laws,[11] religious superstition,[12] the licentiousness, murder, betrayal, espionage, horrified, disgusted me.[13] What if

[4] Isa. liii. 3. [5] Ib. 4. [6] Ib. v. 5. [7] Cf. Lange and Schaff's Com. on Ezek. (Introd.). [8] Makabi or Maccabee is from the letters M. C. B. I., initials of the words Mi Camo'ha, etc., meaning, "Who is Like to Thee," etc. (Exod. xv. 11), the battle cry against Greek thought (167–162 B. C. E). [9] Hist. of Lit., Blacky., chap. iii.; Xen. Memor. II. xi. [10] Levit. xix. 2. [11] E. g., the law of debt. [12] Cf. Cato's wondering that two soothsayers meeting could avoid laughing (Cicero De Div. ii. 24). [13] Cf. Tacitus Annals, xv. 37 seq.

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Satirist stung me?[14] What if I was urged to throw off the Taleth and assume the Toga? I remained a Jew. Blame me not, nor blame those whose souls revolting bade them leave the gods of Rome to follow my teachings.[15] Or would you have had me follow Egypt's cult, which dazzled so many in superb Rome? One day, as I walked in the grove of Egeria,[16] I heard of the infernal trickery which Mundus and Ide practiced on Paulina, under the cloak of worship of Isis and Anubis.[17] Was that an isolated instance of a villain taking advantage of the too common credulity of a woman to seduce her in a temple or grove recess, under the impression that a god honored her? Why was I a Jew? Let the world to-day be grateful that I was a Jew. Apion asked me that question in Alexandria, "If the Jews be citizens of Alexandria," said he, "why do they not worship the same gods with the Alexandrians?"[18] Many were there who wondered why I preferred denial of rights, curbed liberties, and social ostracism to any abandonment of my ancestral teachings. Succeeding ages declare that I was right.

About this time I stood amid the dead and dying nations around the great inland sea, when the new faith appeared, bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, to purify and vivify the world which owned Rome's sway. Slowly my daughter conquered every pagan stronghold; but when urged to take her hand, I looked her in the face. Lo! her features had changed.[19] She asked me why was I a Jew, and bade me quaff her waters of spiritual life and salvation. But I tasted the hills of Olympus and Ida in the doctrine of Incarnation;[20] the soil of Egypt in that of the Trinity;[21] and the Gnostic and Magian flavors came, I knew, from the sands of Asian streams. I saw her grow up and her children multiply; there were Arians, Nestorians, Eutychians or Monophysites, Acephalites, Monothelites, Monarchians, Mariolatrists, Pelagians, Semipelagians, Patripassians, Artemonites, Beryllians, Sabellionites, Montanists, how many more I know not, twin-brothers some seemed to me, but all like the son of Hagar, with hands against each brother, and each claimed to be the true guide to the

[14] Juvenal Satires, xiv. [15] Graetz Hist. Jews, Vol. iv.

[16] Sacri fontis nemus et delubra locantur
Judæis. Satire iii.

[17] Josephus Antiq., xviii. 3. [18] Josephus Cont. Apion, ii. 6. [19] Draper Int. Dev., i. 9. [20] E. g., Minerva assumes human form, Odys. I. [21] Draper, ch. vii.

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mother. I heard published the solemn decisions of the great Councils of the Church ; I marked their contradictions. To have always embraced the dominant form of Christianity would have stamped me as an unprincipled turncoat. Not to be thought insincere and thus lose the good opinion of the Christians, I remained a Jew. Then the lives of the clergy ! If those were Christian lives, what wonder if I grasped the Scroll and not the Cross ? Could I countenance immorality which cloaked sensuality, avarice, and pride ?[22] Could I subscribe to the policy of ignorance which burned the Palatine library and fettered study ?[23] Could I tolerate the superstition which made men credit that Peter wrote from Heaven, urging with the Virgin Mary, that Pepin of France should aid Pope Stephen against the Lombards ?[24] Or that Eucherius, Bishop of Orleans, saw Charles Martel of France in Hell's torments because he took what the Church wanted,[25] the very Charles who saved Christendom from Musa's threat that he would preach Islam from the Vatican.[26] Ah, those Popes ! Hot tears, bitter tears, tears of shame does History let fall when she unfolds the story of the Popes for men to read !

With Catholics burning Protestants, Protestants burning Catholics, both driving forth sons of the Scroll and the Crescent, amid massacres and imprisonments, tears and blood, I remained a Jew to perform my part in the world. Of what I have done for mankind I boast not. No more than the leaf can boast of its magic to purify the atmosphere, or the trembling dew of its beauty, or the rainbow of its glowing colors, can I boast of my world-work to purify the moral atmosphere, to make humanity tremble with joy at religion's kiss, to show all earth the glorious colors of human happiness. 'Tis all I was created for.

Would you trace the influence of Jewish thought in the world's progress ? If all the seas were ink, all the reeds pens, the skies parchment, and all men scribes, they would be insufficient to set forth the story. In philosophy, Pythagoras[27] and Aristotle[28] must be mentioned. In trade, the Jewish invention of Bills of Exchange and Letters of Credit.[29] In medicine, "in the 11th cen-

[22] Van Antwerp, Church History, pp. 72, 186, 216, 300. [23] Draper, ch. xii. [24] Codex Carolinus, epist. vii. [25] Draper, xii. [26] Ranke's Hist. of Popes, vol. i. § 2. [27] See Josephus cont. Apion, i. 22. [28] Ibid, also Etheridge, Jerus, and Tiberias, p. 269 ; Dr. Schleiden, Sciences among the Jews, before and during Middle Ages. [29] Dr. Schleiden, loco.

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tury all the physicians in Europe were Jews."[30] In science, enough that when Europe was wreathed in the gloom of the dark ages "all my people had light in their habitations"[31] in the land of their sojourn, and from that light you lit all your lamps, from that light Europe has become enlightened! In religion,—as from the Mekor Hayim of Ben Gabirol the Jew, Albertus Magnus, Aquinas and other fathers of the Church drew wisdom, so from Maimonides, the Albigenses found inspiration.[32] And when were heard the greatest thunders of the storm these Reformers commenced, when Luther and Melancthon launched their lightning, Jewish literature flooded the land,[33] to give wings to the storm kings and strength to the blasts which swept from their new system what they hated in the older one of Rome. Thus was my past. I remained a Jew, 'spite the sharp argument of the sword, the eloquent tongue and burning power of the flame of the auto da fe, 'spite the stern logic of expulsion. Was I not right?

THE PRESENT.

Why am I a Jew, now, in the present? Because my world-work is not completed.

Right well I know that ye who are Christians consider that my people's world-task has been merged in yours, that "Christianity must be regarded only as a divine continuation, a higher and more expansive form, or spiritual renovation, of the Mosaic institution,"[34] that you are "Jews gone to blossom and fruit."[35] But my destiny saith that my race is to religionize mankind; it is to be "in the midst of many peoples as a dew, as the showers upon the grass."[36] As the dew and the tender shower bring forth the fragrance, and call into life the buds of hope, the leaves of promise, the blossoms of beauty in nature, so my destiny is to bring forth the fragrancies and blossoms, the buds and sheltering foliage which are to characterise human nature. I find that I must still hold my scroll for all men to read. For the cross hath not eradicated the noxious growths which poison society, paralyze energy and destroy happiness.

I find that there are wrongs, evils, errors to be corrected

[30] Draper, II. 4. [31] Ex. x. 23. [32] Graetz Hist. Jews, Spanish era. [33] Eman. Deutsch, Remains. art. Talmud. [34] Schlegel, Philosophy of History, sect. x. [35] Letter of H. Ward Beecher to President Cleveland, Feb. 12, 1887. [36] Micah v. 8.

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from which such growths spring. I claim that humanity is not religionized if women need escort of a night; if not a morning paper can be left on the table without columns in it containing news which purity and refinement cannot read and suffer not; if truth and trust are at so low an ebb that trade is fenced with precautions; if wealth flaunts while want kills; if young girls go wrong as they do, and young men stray because there is no one to raise the masses to higher thoughts and worthier pleasures; if the hands and the brains of a nation are at variance, as so oft they are; if the service of the country, or patriotism, shrouds trickery, personal motives and abuse of public trust; if statesmanship means craftily taking advantage of another state's embarrassment or misfortune; if millions of men are kept from the loom and the plow, the spade and the throttle; if, even as it does at this late day, despite the gospel of peace and good will, the gospel of might over right, the evangels of anarchist bombs and mob's violence, obtain with such mighty force that Peace trembles, Justice pales and Honor weeps in shame[37].

You will say that the correction of these social evils is what Christianity aims at. I agree with you. But only true Christianity can accomplish it, and true Christianity is what the founder taught, until the wish fathered the thought which brought the Roman hand to his throat[38] and the Sonship was made to mean more than Moses meant it.[39] And true Christianity to that point was what? THE LAW OF MOSES,—"Till pass Heaven and earth, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law till all be fulfilled;"[40] so spake Jesus. And I, the pilgrim of ages, the wandering Jew, was 'despised and rejected of men, wounded and stricken and smitten, bruised and led like a lamb to the slaughter'[41] because I kept to that law, this Scroll! O the mockery of Time! That I should have been so treated by Christians, when my only sin was that I was a more truthful follower of the teachings of him they adored and a worthier exponent of his views of peace and good will than they were themselves! "Peace and good will,"[42] I come to that. You ask me why am I a Jew? I reply by asking you but one question. Is the world to-day contented,

[37] It would be easy to cite instances of these "ifs." [38] The wish of the Hebrews to be free from Rome's oppression kept Messianic hopes constantly alive. [39] "Ye are sons," etc., Deut. xiv. 1. [40] Mat. v. 8. [41] Isa. liii. [42] Luke ii. 14.

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happy, truthful, honorable? It is not. Therefore, I am a Jew. And I remain one to try and make it so.

THE FUTURE.

When the harp of Judah sounded, thrilled with the touch of inspiration Divine, among the echoes it waked in the human heart were those sweet sounds whose witcheries transport the soul into the realms of happiness. The melody was carried to the rivers of Babylon, to all the shores of the Roman world, through the vales of France and Spain, and the woods of Germany and England. It has been our source of courage, our solace and our strength; and in all our wanderings we have sung it. It is the music of the Messianic age, the triumph-hymn to be one day thundered by all humanity, the real psalm of life, as mankind shall sing it when our world-task of teaching it shall be accomplished. Its harmony is the harmony of the families of earth, at last at peace, at last united in brotherhood, at last happy in their return to the One Great Father.[43]

In the achievement of this, the Jew is a necessity to the world.

First, as to Universal Peace.

I do not propose to picture the horrors of war, the loss to a country due to thews and sinews withdrawn from industrial pursuits. I have no wish to remark upon the glory of making widows and orphans wholesale, the logic which always makes right side with the best cannon and fighters, the justice which makes small states tremble at the thought of crossing a powerful neighbor. To my thinking, war is an insult to intelligence. See how this scroll frowns upon war. "When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against it then proclaim peace unto it."[44] When the Hebrews entered Canaan to dispossess the nations whose influence was destroying the morality of the world;[45] when the four hundred and more years of respite[46] had passed with the warnings such as famines,[47] the destruction of the cities of the plain[48] disregarded, as were also the preachings of the patriarchs except in rare cases, what course did they pursue? They offered three

[43] Zech. xiv. 9. [44] Deut. xx. 10. [45] For the horrors of human sacrifice and such Canaanite customs which spread with Phœnician colonization, see Rollin's "Religion of Carthage," and writers of antiquity there quoted. [46] Gen. xv. 3, 16; Ex. xiii. 40. [47] Famines were regarded anciently as punishments, at least three occurred in this interval. Gen. xii. 10; xxvi. 1; xlii. 1. [48] Gen. xix. 25.

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conditions, "make peace with us, or leave the land, or fight;"[49] the Gibeonites made peace,[50] the Girgashites emigrated.[51] David was not allowed to build the temple because he had shed so much blood.[52] The theme of prophets' song,[53] the ideal of psalmist,[54] the culmination of priestly blessing,[55] are all alike—peace. "The only source of blessing," saith a rabbi, "is peace."[56] As a Jew, "the witness of God,"[57] I protest against war. Intelligence, Justice, Righteousness, demand the settlement of all international disputes by arbitration such as the prophets of my race sang of in days when brute force crushed opponents, and none but inspired men dreamed of any other possible settlement. That arbitration, sanctified by religion, raised above suspicion, and proceeding ever from disinterested judges, is provided for in the picture of the future portrayed by the son of Amoz,[58] as by the Morasthite,[59] "Out of Zion shall go forth Law, and the Word from Jerusalem, and He shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many peoples: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Since the world has not yet learned to abolish war and seek arbitration, though it recognizes the curses, the wickedness, the injustice of war, am I not right to remain a Jew in order to promote this ideal of Peace universal?

Secondly, as to Universal Brotherhood:

A writer speaking of this scroll, the Bible, says: "Here are exhibited a blaze of splendor and a loftiness of view which are a fiery fountain of divine inspiration, by which our greatest poets, down to our own day, have been stimulated to their boldest flights."[60] Not only poets, but all pioneers of human progress have been so stimulated. Progress and brotherhood march hand in hand. The triumphs of human progress, proclaimed by the

[49] Siphre. For interesting information in this connection see Conciliator of Menasseh ben Isra., vol. 1, ques. 183. [50] Josh. xi. 19. [51] Procopius states that the Phœnicians (Canaanites) expelled by the Hebrew leader dispersed over Africa and built a castle in a city of Numidia, now called Tigisis. There are still standing in that place two pillars of white marble, on which is engraved a Phœnician inscription: 'ημεις εσμεν 'οι φυγοντες απο προσωπου 'Ιησου του λῃστου υιου Ναυη (de Vand. lib. ii. 9. Bochart Canaan lib. i. 24. Jahn, Heb. Commonwealth, vol. I. [52] I. Chron. xxii. 8). [53] Is. lvii. 19. [54] Ps. lxxxv. 10. [55] Numb. vi. 26. [56] Rabbi Shimon ben Halephta, Talmud, Treat. Oketsin Perek iii. 12. [57] Is. xliii. 10. [58] Is. ii. 3, 4. [59] Micah iv. 2, 3. [60] Schlegel, Hist. of Literature, lect. iv.

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steam-throb, published by the electric flash, and voiced by all the elements now yoked as mankind's slaves, have all tended to draw men, nations, races, together in closer brotherhood. But I saw, as I wandered in my pilgrimage, how progress and brotherhood had been hindered in the name of religion. The fathers of the Church opposed the onward march; Popes used force to stop it.[61] Copernicus escaped persecution only by death, Bruno was burned, Galileo was imprisoned, humiliated,[62] because they said the earth moved or was round. Catholics and Protestants condemned a Copernicus[63] and a Kepler,[64] even as the Protestants of Holland sought to torture Descartes, while the Catholics denied him honors of burial.[65] The Dominicans forbade study of medicine, natural philosophy,[66] and chemistry.[67] Arnold de Villa Nova was excommunicated and driven from place to place, charged with sorcery;[68] nor was he the only physician who suffered. Pope Innocent III. forbade surgical operations by priests. Pope Boniface VIII. declared dissection to be sacrilege.[69] Vesalius, the anatomist, was persecuted.[70] Martyrs to science, their name is legion! My scroll says study: "Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these things, who bringeth out their host by number,"[71]—"He that sitteth on the circuit of the earth!"[72] Read ye this book of Job; doth it not breathe the spirit of inquiry, a lesson for man to learn, fresh from the lips of God?[73] But mark this difference: There are "mysteries that are the Lord's;"[74] search out the phenomena of nature, itself but the hem of His garment, but remember that the expansion of space, the suspension of this orb, the dividing of the seas, the tremblings of Heaven's pillars, are but "parts of His ways; and, even thus, how little a portion is heard of Him! *Then, the thunder of His power who can understand?*"[75] So writeth Job. And a poet of my people[76] thus ends a sublime effort: "O, mortal, apply thy reasoning powers, reflect and consider within thyself what thou art, whence thy existence, who it was that formed thee, endowed thee with intelligence and with the faculty of motion. Behold Heaven's mighty powers; awake thy soul, examine His glorious

[61] Dr. White "Warfare of Science," p. 21. [62] Ib., p. 71 (see also Prof. Tyndall's Belfast Address). [63] Dr. White, p. 38. [64] Ib., p. 65. [65] Ib., 41. [66] In 1243, ib., p. 92. [67] In 1287. [68] Ib., 101. [69] P. 100; copious authorities are cited in footnotes in Dr. White's work. [70] Ib., pp. 105, 106. [71] Is. xl. 26. [72] Is. xl. 22. [73] Job ch. xxxvii–xli. [74] Deut. xxix. 29. [75] Job xxvi. 14. [76] Jehuda Hallevi, Yotzer Hymn, Rosh Ashana, Sephard Minhag.

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work; but stretch not forth thy hand against Him when thou seekest the end and the beginning of things occult and in mystery shrouded." That is to say, "Study, but do not dethrone the Creator. Study, but in reverence. Study, but know that thy finite mind cannot compass the infinity of God." And we have studied at all times. The rotundity of the earth is referred to in Talmud,[77] but there is no record of extermination, excommunication, or condemnation. Medicine was practiced; operations,[78] even the Cæsarian operation;[79] dissection;[80] many opinions[81] in accord with most modern medical thought are mentioned in the Talmud, that mass of learning gathered when Europe was mostly morass and forest. But the physician was honored, not persecuted. Gamaliel, president of the Sanhedrin, had his study hung with charts of the moon's phases,[82] and boasted of an instrument to *bring distant objects visually near,*[83] *but he was not accused of* sorcery.

Without this spirit of search, study, experiment, progress is impossible; brotherhood is retarded; and lost to the world is that essence of true religion, the foundation of civilization, the beginning of wisdom,—I mean the fear of God, which is the reverence which fills our souls when we think how great He is, how little we are.[84]

To bid man advance in the march of progress with the rhythm of the hymn of brotherly love to cheer him until brotherly love shall be universal, but to teach him that the key-note of all wisdom is reverence of God, 'tis part of my world-task, therefore I am and must remain a Jew.

Thirdly. Universal Happiness.

The highest happiness is the close association with those whom we love and esteem.[85] The highest happiness thus is a drawing near to God.[86] Hence the most torturing punishment is the unsettled state of the soul, "the daughter of a king, remembering the glory of her origin,"[87] seeking the fellowship of the Father, but self repulsed and hurried away by the consciousness of guilt.[88]

[77] Talmud, Jerusalem, Treat. Aboda Zara, 13 b. [78] Treat. Yebamoth, fol. 75 b. [79] Aboda Zara, Tosafoth, fol. 10. [80] Niddah, fol. 30 b. [81] Niddah, f. 31. For these and other notices see Dr. Illowy's letter; Occid. vol. xiv. Rabbinowitz, Medecin du Talmud. [82] Rosh Ashana ii. [83] Erubin, 43 b. [84] Law of Moses, Rev. A. P. Mendes, ch. iii. [85] Cf. Biur on Numb. xv. 31. [86] Cf. Psalm xxiii. 28. [87] Bechinath Olam of Rabbi Jed. Badrasi (Investigation of the World), ch. xxvi. [88] Sefer Ikkarim, Book of Principles, Rabbi Joseph Albo, iv. 33.

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Now there can be no happiness between two individuals unless they are at one with each other. If they are brought together by means of a third party, and not by mutual acceptability, congeniality, mutual respect, will that union or friendship continue? So if man is brought near to God by an intermediary and not by his own fitness, he cannot remain acceptable to God. He must approach God himself, by his own efforts. This is a logical consequence of my Monotheistic religion. No one can save another by suffering for him. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." [89] "He who sins against Me I will blot out from My book," [90] was the Divine answer to Moses, who sought to be the vicarious atonement for his sinful people. We are brought near to God, to Happiness, by our own efforts, by our own merits. These alone can save us from that removal from God's favor, the mere thought of which is torture more exquisite than that of any Dantesque hell. These alone can effect our approximation to or union with God, and this being at one with Him is the true At-one-ment. God invites us. The *response* which we make depends upon our own efforts, is evidenced by our own merits. This is the meaning of personal *responsibility* of the individual to his Maker, also a result of my Monotheistic doctrine. No man can intervene, for not even Moses was accepted to die to save men. No God can intervene, for there is no God but ours. For this I and my people are witnesses. To bring about the recognition of this truth, we are the servants of the Most High. "Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord, and My servant whom I have chosen: that ye may know and believe Me and understand that I am He: before Me there was no God formed and neither shall there be after Me. I, even I, am the Lord, and beside Me there is no Saviour." [91] Will you have me after all these centuries accept him of Nazareth as my Saviour, accept him as a God and thus give the lie to Script? O perish the tongue before my thoughts thus wing its words. God is not a man that He should lie, [92] the strength of Israel will not lie! [93] Nor hath He changed His mind to bid us reject Moses, [94] or the Law, [95] for any new dispensation, for "I am the Lord, I change not, and ye, ye children of Jacob, are not consumed." [96]

No, we are not consumed; we live on, deathless, never to be

[89] Ezek. xviii. 4. [90] Exod. xxxii. 34. [91] Isa. xliv. 10. 11. [92] Numb. xxiii. 19. [93] 1 Sam. xv. 29. [94] Exod. xix. 9. [95] Isa. lix. 21. [96] Mal. iii. 6.

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followers of Mohammed because he rejects Moses, never to be Christians because you reject Monotheism and Moses, one or both. Your many disagreements on essential doctrines render it impossible for me to cast aside my scroll for your New Testament. Nor is it necessary that I should do so, for there is nothing that is good in your Testament that is not taken from my holy law and my sacred lore. And how can I accept your book when you yourselves are in doubt as to its binding, whether it ought to be Catholic or Greek, or in one or more of the many colors of Protestantism; when you yourselves acknowledge my God, who does not change, but yet you reject the unchangeable law, His will, or you pray to other beings than to Him who saith, "Worship not any other God;"[97] when you yourselves acknowledge that He who proclaimed Himself ONE;[98] who declared that there was no God with Him,[99] and who does not lie, is nevertheless three, and has others with Him.

You are disunited. Without union there can be no real happiness. I say unto you, be united; bow, all ye people, to the one God who created us;[100] worship the one Father.[101] There will not be, there cannot be, any Universal Happiness until this be accomplished. To bring it about I exist—to achieve Universal Peace, Universal Brotherhood, Universal Happiness is the reason why I am a Jew, why my nation is on the stage of humanity's history.

How shall I accomplish this? By means of this scroll. It teaches purity of personal life,[102] purity of social life,[103] a simple religious life of being at One, an At-one-ment with God.[104] We believe in the religion of deed,[105]—"to learn to do well, seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."[106] We do not say we alone hold the keys of Heaven, or that you must believe as we do to be saved. The righteous of all have a portion in the world to come;[107] all the sheep need not enter the pasture by the same gate. But we insist upon morality. Ten million intercessors cannot die to save an immoral man. What more need ye?

Farewell, I have answered you why I am a Jew. Think not that I

[97] Ex. xxxiv. 14. [98] Deut. vi. 4. [99] Deut. xxxii. 29. [100] Ps. lxxxvi. 9. [101] Mal. ii. 10. [102] Lev. xix. 2. [103] Ibid. vv. 11-18. [104] Deut. vi. 5. [105] Ethics of the fathers (Pirke Aboth) i. 17. [106] Isa. i. 17. [107] Maimonides "Yad Hachazaka," Sefer Madang, on Repentance, §iii. 5.

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forget the bright blossoms which have sprung up where the cross has been planted. Think not that I wish to criticise Christianity. Think not that I have spoken too unkindly. But you put the question to me. I dared not decline to answer without being coward and false[108] to my duty as a would-be true and fearless witness of God.

PEREIRA MENDES.

[108] Jerem. i. 17–19.

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PARNELL AS A LEADER.

WHEN by arms and bribes England destroyed the domestic Parliament of Ireland and passed the Act of Legislative Union in 1800, that self-betrayed body did not represent the people of Ireland. It was not a National Parliament. Three-fourths of the people were disqualified by religious proscription from sitting in it. For only seven years prior to its self-betrayal this majority had enjoyed a nominal right to vote for members of it, but the privilege was encumbered with conditions which practically continued their disfranchisement. They remained in this state until 1829. The franchise, however, was so modified and the masses of the people were so degraded by the effects of the penal laws and the machinery of landlordism, that they continued to be without a National representation at Westminister, as they had been without one when the Irish Parliament sat in Dublin. Those of them who were entitled to vote were compelled to elect either their landlords or their landlords' nominees, or to suffer eviction, exile, or death, as the penalty of their insubordination.

As late as 1853, when Mr. Gladstone introduced the Irish income tax, 72 out of the 105 members for Ireland, more than two-thirds of the whole, voted against it. He paid no more attention to their opposition than he would have done had they been sitting in the moon. He knew they did not represent the people, whose votes they procured for the most part by intimidation. When, at a later period, a minority of the members for Ireland proposed Home Rule, he replied, in substance, "You do not speak for Ireland. It will be time enough to consider Home Rule when the people of Ireland ask for it through a majority of the Irish members."

In 1873 a Home Rule conference was held in Dublin. The requisition convening it was read by none other than Mr. King-

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Harman, who, having obtained a seat in the House of Commons upon that platform, abandoned his constituents, and is now the Tory Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland, urging coercion instead of Home Rule. The requisition recited that "We feel bound to express our conviction that it is necessary to the peace and prosperity of Ireland and would be conducive to the strength and stability of the United Kingdom, that the right of domestic legislation on all Irish affairs should be restored to our country." Upon that fundamental declaration about 60 Home Rulers of varying degrees of earnestness or insincerity, were elected to Parliament. They accomplished nothing. A few were brilliant speakers and occasionally enlivened a debate without changing a vote. A greater number were place-hunters. Some were landlords whose residence in London suited their convenience and gratified their tastes. Ireland was still without a genuine National representation.

In 1874 the Home Rule League held a council in Dublin to select a candidate for a vacancy in Dublin County. Mr. Parnell was agreed upon. When he rose to speak he broke down. When the votes were counted he was beaten. But the group of stalwart patriots who, in those twilight hours, were watching the dawn of Ireland's legislative independence, perceived that the young man who had failed on the rostrum and lost at the hustings was needed in the Home Rule League, and the next year a seat was found for him. When he entered Parliament in 1875 he was not quite thirty years of age. Irish by birth, his education had been wholly English. He had no political training, except such as comes by intuition from family traditions; two of his ancestors had filled seats for Irish constituencies with ability and honor. His habits and prejudices were necessarily aristocratic. His associates in Parliament found him seclusive. For two years he applied himself with rigor to mastering the rules of the House and to investigating public questions. He rarely spoke in the House or publicly out of it. In private he was courteous and taciturn. At the end of those two years it was found that, although men of more impetuous disposition and more showy gifts were much better known in the United Kingdom, Charles Stewart Parnell was the strongest man to lead the Home Rule party in Parliament. This result was due first to his skill in procedure. How he acquired it he doubtless divulged to one of his colleagues

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of a later day. "How shall I learn the rules of the House?" was the question put to him. "By breaking them," was the quiet reply.

The choice of Mr. Parnell as leader was due, secondly, to the intellectual qualities which had been slowly disclosed by his conduct. These were constructiveness, tenacity, courage, patience, and reserve. He had resolutely carried out an aggressive mode of action. It is now known as obstruction. He saw, what every patriot had seen from the beginning of Ireland's representation at Westminster, that no attention would be paid by that body to the interests of Ireland, except under compulsion. Unlike any of his predecessors in the leadership, he had the boldness and the *finesse* to clog the wheels of the Parliamentary coach until drivers and passengers thrust their heads together to ask what was the matter, and how the obstacle could be removed. To the principle of obstruction he added that of incidental co-operation. Standing aloof from both English parties, he gave to each substantial support on deserving proposals as a means of winning reciprocal consideration. It is not strange that he worked hard for a bill which appealed to the intense humanity of his nature, that to abolish flogging in the army.

In 1879 the time seemed to have come for the organization of a true National party. Many of the nominal Home Rulers had gone to their reward—some to office, some to oblivion. Isaac Butt, the most impressive figure in the party, and its first leader, had passed to the grave, leaving a fame which soon perished except among his own people. The first man at the bar of Ireland, with few superiors at the bar of England, with none in the House of Commons, a man of prodigious attainments, remarkable eloquence, and varied personal charms, he had fully demonstrated that oratory could not conquer the English Parliament for Ireland, nor superb arguments, enrapturing her oppressors, loose a solitary link of her lengthened chain. It was manifest that a new party, a new leader, a different mode of attack, concerted action, discipline, and specific objects, were indispensable, if Home Rule should cease to be a dream. Meanwhile famine was again creeping along the horizon like a mist coming stealthily in from sea. The Gladstone land-laws had proven futile under landlord ingenuity and tenant helplessness. To rescue the people from the danger of starvation was as necessary as to found a new party. With

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instinctive sagacity, Mr. Parnell believed the second was the shortest road to the first.

The new party was organized in Dublin in the autumn of 1879. Mr. Parnell was elected President. Mr. Davitt, its co-founder, was one of its Secretaries. To give it the most solid of foundations, it was planted squarely on the land. Its name was the Land League, and its objects were defined to be to secure a reduction of rack-rents and to facilitate the obtaining of the ownership of the soil by the occupiers. It was clear that money would be needed to put the new movement in operation, and a resolution was passed requesting Mr. Parnell to visit America to secure funds. Mr. John Dillon accompanied him.

Although not explicitly formulated, it was perfectly understood on both sides of the Atlantic by the Irish race that the method of the new party was to be strictly constitutional; that the means to be employed were to be essentially moral. The people were to be aroused, organized, educated, so that when the next general election arrived only genuine Nationalists should be sent to Parliament.

I happened to be one of a committee to lay out the route for Mr. Parnell in a portion of the United States. Had I not, in the fulfillment of the task, enjoyed unusual and close opportunities for studying Mr. Parnell, I should have felt compelled to decline the request of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for an estimate of his abilities and career as a leader. I comply with it with diffidence, even possessing this personal knowledge; whatever value my judgment may have is largely founded upon my observation of him in those days when, surrounded by men not selected by himself, and all of them total strangers, beset by perplexities and novelties, wearied with long journeys, harassed by excessive kindness, he must have appeared in his simplest manner and generally at his worst.

I was impressed first by his delicacy and refinement. The one was constitutional; the other, if a grace, was so harmonious with his nature that it seemed a part of it; not a garment upon his character, but inherent in it. His habitual modesty was matched by an acuteness of perception and a thoroughness of comprehension which speedily changed hesitation and uncertainty into clearness and confidence. When he first spoke in my hearing in public his voice was unsteady, his address without evidence of previous men-

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tal plan, his ideas, each sharp and substantive, without cohesiveness, his feeling toward his audience timid and ineffectual. He stood erect as a young pine, his handsome face winning admiration and his pose and figure arousing trust; but his defective articulation, his feeble monotone, and excessive shyness proved seriously disappointing to great gatherings eager to have another O'Connell bring their hearts into their mouths and fill the air with their shouts of slumbering passion and reawakened hope.

In a few weeks all this was changed. The man who had faltered at Indianapolis was the calm, cold, clear, convincing speaker at Chicago. Twenty thousand filled the Exposition to see and hear him, and although only an O'Connell could have been heard by such a multitude in such an area, Parnell was heard distinctly by a great portion of it. Every sentence he uttered was clear-cut, incisive, apt, and telling; his speech, as a whole, while not ostentatious, was one of a series which made a profound impression upon the American people. I never heard any human being, whether uncouth or cultivated, doubt his sincerity, or hesitate, after seeing and hearing, to trust and follow him.

But the mist that had been creeping up from the sea had become a deadly cloud. Vague and horrible rumors were no longer to be discredited. Three years of declining harvests, especially of the potato crop, which is the life of the people, had culminated in their ruin. No matter whether the farms produced the rents, the rents had been ruthlessly exacted. Thousands were suffering pangs of hunger, and there was every reason to fear that if aid were not sent forthwith, the gigantic tragedy of '47 would be repeated. There was plenty of food in Ireland; exports of it continued to go out of every harbor. But it was not the people's, although their labor had produced it. It was the landlords'; and although the producers perished like dogs around them, their rents must be collected in foreign markets. Have Americans ever realized that the word famine, as applied in Ireland, is an untruth? Its popular meaning is deficiency of the yield of food, causing hunger and death. But there has never been such a deficiency in Ireland. When a million and a half died of actual starvation in 1847, enough food for more than twice the entire population was exported. When A. T. Stewart's ship entered Queenstown bay with food, she passed three English ships carrying food out. Famine in Ireland meant in 1847, and meant in

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1880, that, although the soil and the people together had produced adequate harvests, all went to the landlords as rent; while the failure of the potato crop left the people in danger of death, if money were not furnished to them to buy back from the landlords the other foods produced by Irish labor out of Irish earth.

Parnell had come to this country glowing with noble aspirations as the chosen leader of a new and sanguine movement for the recovery of the parliament of a nation. What visions must have filled his imagination! Like a man on a mountain top beholding the land of his birth regenerated, he saw her fair fields in possession of her own sons—seas of gold as the autumn sun shone upon their ripening crops. He beheld dingy villages expanding into smoke-crowned manufacturing towns. He saw the great rivers turning busy wheels, and bearing Irish commerce down to the sea. Sitting in the ancient Parliament House in Dublin he beheld the legislature of his nation, its members freely chosen by all the citizens, without distinction of creed or class, the old feuds forgotten, the old proscriptions dead, the old hates, fomented by England to postpone this day of happiness, completely past; a tranquil, virtuous, active people, progressing in common love and complete harmony. The apostle of this vision had been sent to the exiled of his race in a great free land, and the commission which he bore to them was to make known the resolution of their countrymen at home to make this vision fact. All at once the picture faded. He saw only the dismal hovel, the smoldering hearth, the rags, the wan faces, the fever pallets, the evictor, the jails and poorhouses, the rotting bodies in the ditches, the ships going out of the coves with the harvests, the husbandmen and their families dying of hunger. It was a change to break a weak man's heart. The landlords—for I will not blaspheme by saying it was "the will of God"—had altered his commission by substituting famine for national regeneration.

Proud, sensitive, aristocratic, he told the story of the now confessed danger with simple pathos. He spoke of political hopes and party plans with subdued spirit. He asked money, not to put a party on its feet, but to save a people from extermination. Nor did he ask it in a lordly way. He was no longer the leader of a great political movement; he was the brother and servant of the suffering Irish peasant. With grave countenance and simple modesty he passed his own hat among the graver

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throng; and from many a swarthy face, from out blazing and furious eyes in which flashed the fire of frenzied memory, dropped tears with tribute.

The most conservative of British political economists define agricultural rent as the surplus due the landlord after the tiller has had out of the proceeds of his labor upon the soil a living for himself and his family. When it was manifest that if the landlords did not make a reduction of rents in the autumn of 1879, on account of the shrinkage in crops and the loss of two-thirds of the potato-yield, famine would ensue, the government stated, through a mouth-piece in Parliament, that it had no intention of bringing in a bill for the reduction of rents The humanity of the world took up the duty the government of Ireland rejected. The London *Times*, with characteristic truthfulness, declared in the same autumn "food has been and is everywhere cheap and plentiful." At the same time nearly 60,000 persons were receiving support in the poorhouses, against 50,000, the highest number in the famine period of '47, while the out-door relief had broken completely down. Charity saved at least 500,000 people from death by starvation. The money was sent from Bombay, Madras, Bengal, South Africa, the United States, Canada, South America, the Australias, and Fiji; from the four continents; and every dollar of the total, which amounted to over $4,000,000, was paid to Irish landlords in violation of the fundamental principle of the conservative British school. The Irish landlord has been the pet of Providence.

Indeed, he may be truly described as the pet of the Irish race, as well as of Providence and the world. The land in Ireland has not produced for forty years the rents exacted of the tenants. Every year their kin in America and the British colonies have sent remittances to make up the balance. Is it strange that English Radicals like William Saunders, and other honest and practical economists, should have opposed the supplementary bonus of millions of pounds to these fortunate men out of the British treasury,—that is, out of the working people of the United Kingdom,—as proposed in Mr. Gladstone's abandoned land bill? Is it not a more enlightened policy on the part of the Irish in America, who ought to keep in this country the money earned here, to contribute toward the abolition of this system of landlordism rather than to continue to pay these rents?

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The general election of 1880 caught Mr. Parnell unprepared. Famine was in possession of the country, and the funds which would have been devoted to legitimate political expenses went to the landlords. The result was that sixty-eight men were returned as Home Rulers; but he had not selected all of them, and he entertained doubts of many. There were even doubts whether Mr. Parnell would be confirmed in the leadership. When the Home Rulers met in London to determine the question, only forty-one were present; twenty-three voted for Mr. Parnell. From that hour there was no rivalry. The disloyal, the self-seeking, the worthless, fell out or were dismissed. The fight of those bitter and tormented years in Parliament, the struggle of the people against landlordism on the one hand and against the government on the other, after the passage of the Gladstone Coercion Act,—the re-imprisonment of Mr. Davitt, the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Parnell and many of his colleagues,—all this cannot be touched within the compass of this paper. Twelve hundred citizens, nearly all men of the highest integrity, were kept in jail without trial, denied bail, subjected to plank beds, prison diet and all the indignities of their situation, for no other offense than constitutional agitation.

Blameless women were dragged into courts and thrust into jails under an obsolete statute designed for the restraint of the dissolute; their offense was the charity they extended to the victoms of landlordism. The history of Ireland in 1881, and up to 1884, is as foul a page as will be found in the annals of disgrace which England has written for herself in more volumes than she has statutes.

Unlike the prisoners of old Rome who, weakened by agony, returned under torture to the gods of the empire, Ireland grew stronger and more resolute under Mr. Gladstone's coercion law. Her press was gagged; her platforms were silent; her prisons were filled; her streets were patrolled by soldiery; her courts were polluted by the perjurer, and her bench, always defiled more or less, became an offense to civilization. Yet the heart of a nation continued to throb with energy and fervor; and perhaps it was worth those years of sorrow and exasperation that the great statesman who had bound and gagged Ireland should live to learn from the lips of his captive the lesson of statesmanship, humanity, and

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reparation which he is now teaching, with no uncertain result, to the thinking masses of England, Scotland, and Wales.

With recovered freedom, Mr. Parnell set to work organizing Ireland for the general election of 1884. All the resources which Liberals and Conservatives could throw into Ireland against him, he had to contend with. Against unlimited wealth he had only the voluntary tribute of his race. Against intimidation, such as was never known even before the passage of the ballot act, he had to rely only on the confidence of the constituencies. The result was that contesting eighty-nine seats,—the others were hopeless,—he won 85 out of 103. To this total was added one seat in England, the Scotland division of Liverpool carried by Mr. T. P. O'Connor. When he returned to Parliament with this formidable and compact body, both English parties acknowledged that a new era had set in in British politics. Home Rule became the irrepressible question, and Charles Stewart Parnell was the second personage in Parliament. In the management of his augmented power, he developed striking faculties as a debater. His minute knowledge of the operation of the land laws, his familiarity with the changes which were constantly occurring on the face of the country, his expertness in the rules, his absolute indifference to English statesmen and his independence of English parties, his silent scorn of revilement, his soft answers to ignorance and foolishness, his defiance of privileged ruffianism, his fidelity to his own men in small things, and to his country in everything, has enabled him to hold in the political world a position without precedent or parallel. Steadfast in his convictions, stringent in his adherence to constitutional methods, and scrupulous about the morality of the means exclusively employed by him in their promotion, he has been consistent in his career from the day he made his first speech in Dublin down to this hour. His greatest triumph thus far has been that he was able to confront Mr. Gladstone with his old declaration, that it would be time enough to take up the question of Home Rule when Ireland demanded Home Rule through the mouths of a majority of her representatives.

The general election of 1886 reaffirmed the confidence of his country in him and his colleagues. He had pledged himself "to remain independent of all English parties." In the fulfillment of that pledge, he antagonized first one and then the other with skill so consummate that their union against Ireland was rent in twain.

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He has now for his ally the progressive democratic element of the British people, under the leadership of the most illustrious statesman England has ever produced. Astute, when his foes thought him only inert, and when friends may have deemed him excessively cautious, Mr. Parnell has shown extraordinary sagacity in refusing to offer a Home Rule bill at any time. Events have demonstrated that any bill submitted by him which would have satisfied the least expectant of the Irish people would have been rejected by a combination of the English parties as often as it might have been proposed. It was necessary that the Home Rule measure should be fathered by one of the British parties. Mr. Parnell fought both, until one coquetted with the subject just enough to hasten its earnest assumption by the other; and although the passage of the bill has been delayed by demagogues, and a coercion bill is put on passage in its place, the majority of the voters of the United Kingdom have cast their ballots for Ireland's liberty. It is fairly probable that another general election will send up to Westminster a majority of representatives instructed for Home Rule.

It is not in Parliament only that the evidences of Mr. Parnell's influence as a leader must be sought. If the evidences are to be found only there, be they ever so persuasive, they would not be sufficient. We must seek them in the temper and progress of the people in Ireland, in their temper as showing increased self-control, in their progress as seen in their eagerness for education, and the improvement of their social condition so far as that is within their power.

Wolfe Tone's crude attempt at insurrection toward the close of the last century, Emmet's effort in the beginning of this, the resolve of Young Ireland in '48 to try the sword once more, the Fenian outbreak—not altogether a failure, according to Mr. Gladstone himself—were the spasms of an exasperated people unable to realize that the practically unlimited military strength of an empire would be used to crush them without difficulty and without remorse. Parnell has made the brain of Ireland defy England by resisting the old impulse to throw herself on English bayonets. The conflicts of the world are no longer carried on by war alone. The little and the weak have new means of contesting with the mighty and the brutal. Minds have come to count for more than artillery, and passive resistance Parnell has demonstrated

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to be more dangerous than unequally matched battalions. The self-control of the nation finds a corresponding development in the conduct of the people as individuals.

"The man who commits a crime is an enemy of his country," was spoken by O'Connell and reiterated by Davitt. Irish crime is a subject upon which general misinformation prevails in this country, and general misrepresentation in Great Britain. A man who pays no special attention to statistics may be pardoned for supposing that the chronic condition of Ireland is a criminal one, for that belief has been forced upon him by the persistent falsehood of the English press. Alleged crime has been made the excuse for a hundred and more repressive legislative acts since the Act of Legislative Union. Yet those unimpassioned witnesses—the Blue Books—show that in proportion to population there is always less crime in Ireland than in either of the other divisions of the United Kngdom; that what crime there is has a direct relation to the degree of starvation prevailing and the number of regiments quartered upon the people. During periods and in districts of fair crops, crime in Ireland has been almost unknown. During periods of deficient crops, when the landlord oppression is proportionately increased, and in the large centres where the idle and vicious soldiery predominate, crime reaches its Irish maximum. But that maximum is moderate compared with the crime always prevalent in England and Scotland.

In Ireland, in 1877, the indictable offenses committed were in the ratio of 11.8 in 10,000 of the population. As partial famine gradually extended over the country, the percentage rose to 13 in 1878, to 15.1 in 1879, and to 16 in 1880. "The last year when there was a similar increase," reads the Blue Book,* "to that of 1879 was 1862. . . . The pressure was greater than in 1862, and more nearly approached, in some districts, the effect of the famine of 1847. The figures indicate the effect of the pressure of distress in producing crime." And the remedy in 1847, in 1862, and in 1881 was coercion!

Strange as it may appear, although there was no famine in England or Scotland in 1880, the Irish number of more serious offenses was only 743 greater than the proportional number for

* Criminal and Judicial Statistics, 1881.

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England, and was 771 less than the corresponding proportion for Scotland. It should be added that in offenses against morality,—which is the true test of the national character of a people,—the proportional figures were for Ireland, 119; for England, 175; for Scotland, 238. For perjury,—we have heard about the impossibility of getting convictions in Irish courts,—Ireland, 8; England, 27; Scotland, 36, in the same proportions of population. Offenses against property with violence, Ireland, 584; proportionally for England, 1,315; for Scotland, 3,310. Offenses against property without violence, Ireland, 557; England, 1,825; Scotland, 1,467. Yet we are told that the Irish are a criminal people! A suggestive group of figures may be taken from the same volume and for the same year in Ireland, 1880.*

	Proportional numbers.		
	Irish.	English.	Scotch.
Assaults on women and children	469	495	495
Theft and embezzlement	6,083	11,982	18,285
Bastardy	2	1,017	1,015

It is of record that 90 per cent. of the persons proceeded against that year of misery in Ireland were of previous good character, while the known thieves were only one-fifth as many proportionately in population as those of England and Wales.

But let us compare the Ireland of 1880 with Parnell's Ireland in 1885—the latest accessible returns. His constant admonition to the people was to avoid violations of the law. The total of all crime, indictable and non-indictable, in 1880, amounted to 23.4 in 10,000 of the population. In 1885 the figure was 14.5.

The government headquarters, military and civil, are in Dublin. Nearly one-third of the indictable offenses committed in Ireland are within the Dublin district, which contains only one-sixteenth of the population of the country. Yet in 1880 the crime of Dublin was less proportionally than the crime of Manchester.

Another highly significant fact in the criminal statistics of the countries is the proportion of convicts for felonies to all offenders. In the year 1881, when the showing would have been exceptionally bad for Ireland, the proportional figures are, for Ireland, 7.3 per cent.; for England, 23.3 per cent.

*See p. 18, *ibid.*

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The decline of crime of all kinds in Parnell's Ireland is most comprehensively shown by this table:

	Committed.	Convicted.
1881	5,311	2,698
1882	4,301	2,255
1883	3,025	1,740
1884	2,925	1,546
1885	2,850	1,573

It is safe to assume that a National spirit which, in spite of political and social irritation, exhibits increasing self-control year by year, will be found year by year making greater progress in education. During the period of Parnell's leadership, the school enrollment has annually increased, notwithstanding that the landlord system continues annually to diminish the population by emigration practically compulsory. The rate of increase of school enrollment found in decades from 1850 to 1880 is doubled between 1880 and 1885. In the table issued by the United States Bureau of Education in 1882 our own country led the world, with Ireland abreast, in the proportion of elementary school enrollment to population. I am confident that the figures for the last year will show Ireland ahead even of the United States. Germany is third, England and Wales fourth, and then follow Switzerland, etc. What an answer to the epithet of "ignorant" upon the Irish people! Ignorant indeed they were, made so by the penal code which reduced more than half of them to compulsory illiteracy. In 1841 53 per cent. of the population could neither read nor write. It might well be supposed that a country without free and acceptable elementary schools was a country without taxation. But from 1832 to 1852 the aggregate of taxes which England extorted from Ireland was $443,335,875, and the total appropriated out of that in the same period for elementary education was $6,996,065. Was the reproach of ignorance upon the Irish people just?

It was a happy omen that the first bill which Mr. Parnell's obstruction tactics forced through Parliament was an intermediate Education Act for Ireland. The Nationalists have made every year a stubborn and sagacious fight to secure larger appropriations for education purposes, and the world is witness that, as crime has diminished and school enrollment increased, the Home Rule feeling has grown throughout the country. While the penal

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code buried the entire body of Roman Catholics in a political tomb, the sacred fire of liberty was fed by the genius of Irish Protestants and the valor of Presbyterian Republicans. To-day, under Protestant Parnell, all Ireland, with the exception of inveterate Orangeism, demands Home Rule. Even in Trinity College, which before the Union was the cradle of Irish patriots, and exclusively Protestant, and which, since the Union, sectarianism palsied as a national force, has at length organized a Home Rule club that includes many of the most distinguished names in Irish science and letters.

A splendid proof of Mr. Parnell's fitness to be a National leader is seen in the talents of the men he has chosen for colleagues. Had Grattan been free from jealousy of Flood, he might have retained on their country's side a man his equal in many gifts. O'Connell's intolerance of men of ability who differed from him on secondary matters is a stain upon his reputation. From the beginning of Parnell's career he has sought for associates the ablest and noblest of his countrymen without conjecturing how he might suffer by contrast. When only an indifferent speaker himself, he solicited the association of the late A. M. Sullivan. By no means an indifferent speaker now, he keeps in the front of his ranks orators far exceeding him in brilliancy of figure and polish of period—Sexton and John E. Redmond. Without distinction in literature, he counts among his supporters Justin McCarthy and Thomas Power O'Connor. Not an expert with the polemic pen, he chooses for colleagues Edmund Dwyer Gray, T. D. Sullivan, and William O'Brien. A small-minded man might have hesitated before trusting his own fame against the fascination that a personality like John Dillon's exercises over an emotional people. The heir of that spurious superiority of class over manhood, he has held to be indispensable men drawn from commerce and manufactures,—Biggar, and Lane, and William Murphy. Never was his wisdom in general more emphatically approved by experience, or his judgment of individuals shown to be sounder by trial, than in his choice of Patrick Egan for treasurer of the Land League. In what other country could a great political movement have continued after its officers were imprisoned as the National movement went on in Ireland, with only Patrick Egan free and he a voluntary exile in France? The government assumed that if the engineers were jailed the engine would stop

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running. To their amazement it went on with undiminished power and steady direction; and when Patrick Egan begged release from his country's service to return to the service of his family, Mr. Parnell's prudence was displayed once more in naming as his successor the Quaker business man, Alfred Webb.

The fashion of finding members of Parliament only among the rich or the titled he set aside with unconscious disdain. One of the most brilliant of living parliamentarians Mr. Parnell transferred from the modest duties of his own private secretary to a seat in the House—T. M. Healy. He went into the profession of medicine, for men like Dr. Kenny, Dr. Tanner, and Dr. Fox; from the student's desk, the bar, the counting room, the farm, the manufactory, he has taken Harrington, Arthur and John O'Connor, Deasy, Tuite, Maurice Healy, Mathew Harris, Clancy, Commins, Chance, O'Doherty, Blake, William Redmond, Hooper, and many more whose names are less known to us on this side of the water.

Ten years ago the suggestion would have been scoffed at that men hidden, most of them in Irish villages, should ever contend for intellectual supremacy with the hereditary wealth and culture of the United Kingdom. Most of them are young, and their contemporaries of corresponding age in the House, born in luxury, reared in leisure and recreation, or equipped for careers in great universities, make their presence known in the Imperial Legislature by after-dinner folly, or by preserving a more respectable silence. In no other age, in no other Legislature, has been seen a parallel for the now familiar spectacle of the most eminent in both the great English parties finding in these Irish youth their peers in forensic ability, in knowledge of subject matter, in tactics of discussion, in endurance and in determination. In the turbulent days, when Conservatives and Liberals were one against Parnell and Ireland, it made little difference whether Salisbury or Gladstone were premier. The entire combined array of their first-class men were continually routed by the ingenuity and skill of the Irish patriot party; and their joint invention of cloture was confession that they were compelled to resort to brute force to overcome a numerically insignificant body, who overmatched, in mental power, their consolidated strength. Mr. Parnell's lofty appreciation of his leadership as a national trust is seen in his conduct toward Mr. Davitt. That heroic political felon is held

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very tenderly in the heart of his country. He has shared with Mr. Parnell the direction of the movement out of which the Parliamentary party has grown—the land movement; but he has declined to enter Parliament, and he has come to hold, on the land question, views not identical with Mr. Parnell's. Their mutual respect, and the perfect confidence each feels in the other, which malevolence or shallowness has not been able to disturb, is not only proof of the manly fibre in both, but a testimony to the political integrity of the nation and the generation which has given them birth.

Races have an evolution more appreciable than that of species. The struggle for existence finds in the Irish race a palpable example. Moral purity and physical strength have carried it through ages of resistance, under which an immoral or feeble people would have disappeared. The race development shows its highest type in the character of Parnell. The intellectual traits which control him are those made inevitable by a persistent race struggle against superior physical odds. Composure, patience and wariness have succeeded impetuosity, vain daring, and wasted valor. At the same time there is not a noble trait of the past of his people which is not preserved in him. Whoever saw his bared head accepting alms for his suffering country saw a man who would seize the sword with joy, were the sword the weapon to conquer his country's freedom. Nor has her long martyrdom failed to affect his blood. The famines, the massacres, the coercions, the exile of millions burning with a sense of wrong which can expire only with life, has made it impossible that all Irishmen shall possess his calmness. He will not depart a hair's breath from the constitutional methods to which he is pledged. But as sublimely as ever martyr stood at the stake has he remained silent when England has demanded that he shall denounce her victims, whose extreme views are the natural result of her centuries of brutal oppression.

That man is greatest who most sagaciously applies available means to desired ends. Parnell may not be a Napoleon, but he will never lead an army to Moscow in midwinter. He stands today the representative of a people resolved to recover National independence. He has nearly succeeded. The sympathy and admiration of all generous men, and the love of his race, surround and sustain him.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

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THE COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION.

CERTAINLY no class of men should show less bad feeling when they are made the subject of adverse criticism than newspaper writers, and it is greatly to be doubted if any class in existence has more of it to contend with. It is astonishing how many people there are in the world who honestly believe themselves capable of conducting a daily newspaper infinitely better than the men who have given their lives and risked their fortunes in newspaper enterprises, and it is even more astonishing how charmingly frank these people can be in giving out their opinions.

A full year's issue of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW could scarcely afford room for a complete list of the faults ascribed to the press. Its sins of omission and commission embrace about all the acts that human frailty can be responsible for; but not until very recently has the criticism been advanced that one of its chief evils was its zeal in doing good. We have been told that the press was vulgar; that it pampered to vicious tastes; that, in describing daring felonies, it made heroes of rogues; that it gave an impulse to crime by familiarizing the minds of low and weak persons with its details; that it had ceased to be independent and sincere, and had become the organ of monopoly and the tool of bad political partisanship; that its better tendencies were enthralled by the greed of its proprietors; that its editors were only superficially informed, and saw only the surface of events anyhow; that it was encouraging a taste for light, insipid reading; that it was poisoning the language by gradually substituting the vernacular of the Yahoo and the bog-trotter for the rich and classic paleography of politer days. All these, and a thousand other offenses, have been urged with delightful candor, but it was reserved for the friends and legal champions of the "Boodle" Aldermen of New York and the anarchical thugs of Chicago to present, as a further indictment against the press, the horrid crime of excessive zeal in the performance of its admitted duties.

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The Aldermen, say these new critics, have not had fair play. The "safeguards of innocence," which are so striking a feature of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, have been thrown down by the press. Trial by jury is in danger of being superseded by trial by newspaper. The "streams of justice" must be kept as free from the corrosive acid of prejudice as from the muddy waters of corrupt influence. The conceded right of just and timely criticism on the part of the newspapers must not be permitted to degenerate into malicious license. Public offenders must be sought out but not pursued. Judges and juries who have come to a presumably conscientious decision must be protected from the cruel thorn of newspaper censure. Their minds must be unembarrassed in the reception of evidence. In coming to a verdict or in rendering a decision they must not have before their eyes the dread of rebuke. An advocate who is "doing his best to save an unpopular client" must be shielded from the caricaturist's pencil and the reporter's icicle quill. While a case is on trial, and before it has been decided, the press must stand off and "confine its strength to the enforcement of fair play."

This sort of argument suggests that the trial of persons accused of infamous crimes is an affair in the nature of a prize-fight, in which all respect must be paid by the friends of either contestant to the code of the ring. It suggests that lawyers retained to defend alleged criminals are not only justified under their oath in "doing their best to save" their clients, but that really it becomes their bounden duty to secure the release of the accused, no matter how guilty he may be. And it bluntly says in effect that "fair play" on the part of the press requires that it shall stand off with never a word of protest, while artifice, legal chicane, official dereliction, and the methods and tricks known only to the typical ward politician, triumph over justice and right, to the infinite discredit and harm of the public. There are hosts of people, beyond doubt, who do look upon a criminal trial as a sort of fight in which both sides engage with equal merit. I am sadly afraid that the number of lawyers who would hesitate about "doing their best to save" a client without regard to their opinion of his guilt or innocence is considerably larger than it should be. But the press, quite unanimously, I am happy to say, takes a widely different view of these things, and, in urging its view with all the vigor it possesses, it has no intention of

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usurping the functions of judge, jury, or prosecutor. It does not aim, either, to pervert the established machinery of justice. On the contrary, it means to see to it that trial by jury shall not become a fraud; that the forces of misrule, always so large and powerful in great cities, shall not override public decency and public honor, and that quibbling, pettifogging lawyers, who sell their cleverness for a price to any knave that has the money to buy it, shall make conspicuous and healthy failures when they "do their best to save" a gang of conspirators against the public welfare.

The press does not need to disturb itself about the escape of ordinary evil doers. If the murderer of that unhappy girl whose nameless body was found at Rahway is never discovered, it will not make murder and outrage perceptibly more popular. Burglary will receive no extraordinary stimulus or get beyond the bounds of police control, even if the slayer of Lyman S. Weeks dies without the hangman's aid. But every case of unpunished bribery ejects upon the body politic a thousand filthy spawn. Having ferreted out the colossal conspiracy entered into by the promoters of the Broadway Surface Railroad and the Board of Aldermen, the newspapers determined that the guilty men should be driven into exile or into prison. The forces arrayed against them were innumerable, insidious, powerful, and alert. The "Fatties," and the "Mikes," and the "Tims," and the "Barneys," all looked upon a prosecution of bribery as a direct attack upon their means of livelihood. When it became the custom of the courts to send a man to Sing Sing for blackmail and extortion, their business was gone. The city's public officers were all under more or less obligation to these creatures. I think it is safe to say that Mr. De Lancey Nicoll, whose appointment as Assistant District Attorney was the personal act of Mr. Martine, accomplished in spite, and to the infinite disgust of the "halls" and the "organizations," was the only public official likely to have any connection, however remote, with these prosecutions, who was not indebted in some way to the Broadway conspirators or their friends. Their financial resources were practically unlimited. The year had been an uncommonly fine one for "business" in the Board. Aldermen who, the year before, had been day laborers, were now buying real estate and setting up saloons. Nearly a dozen railroad franchises had been acted upon under the

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act of 1884. All the resources of the bribe-givers were theirs to command, and men who had paid $500,000 as a bribe were ready enough to spend five times that sum to escape the penalty of their crime. And back of all this there was a certain "respectable" influence. Several prominent legal firms, whose members were excellent citizens and notorious Christians, had been mixed up in the company's application. They were ill-disposed to have the record of their legal conduct brought out in evidence before a jury. Planted directly in front of this extraordinary combination—reaching, as it did, into the very courts of justice, into each political party and faction, and into all ranks of society—was an army of shrewd, cunning lawyers, whose well-understood business was to "do their best to save." The press of New York had been through one epidemic of municipal corruption. It had no fancy for another. It saw at once that the first court before which these knaves should be brought was the Court of Public Opinion!

It will be a bad day when, for the trial of such secret, pestilential crimes as this, the powers of that greatest of all tribunals, the court of public opinion, shall cease to be invoked. There are causes upon which no other bench is competent to pass. Its functions are those of the sovereign. It exercises original jurisdiction and the authority of final appeal. The ordinary machinery of law, of government, of justice, are tributary to its august powers. These cannot be abdicated nor laid aside. They will, they must be exerted. The very constitution of the Nation, of all civilized nations, derives its force from them. Those who imagine that the operations of legislatures, of administrations, and of courts are the only orderly methods of making and enforcing law, take a small, narrow, and unpractical view of human affairs. We, the People, distinctly reserve autocracy to ourselves. We make no mistakes. It is silly to find fault with our imperial action. It is stupid to describe our revolutions, even when they are accomplished in a carnival of blood, as wrong or ill-advised. They have to be. They are destiny. When we act, it is with deliberation. The blow we strike may be swift and sudden. It may startle even ourselves by its terrible effect. But it is the result of long and serious consideration. The history of all time proves that the ultimate decisions of the court of public opinion are wise and righteous.

It was before this high bar that the press determined to bring

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the wretched creatures who had betrayed New York and dragged her honor in the dirt. It required a whole year of appeal before the attention of the court was really riveted on the case. The court was fair and cautious. It asked what the defense could say for itself. It demanded all the facts on either side. The newspapers responded fully and frankly to this just requirement. Their columns were freely opened to the accused. It is a most important fact, and one which of itself disposes of the charge of injustice on the part of the press, that not a single fact urged in defense of the Aldermen in the courts was omitted from the evidence laid by the newspapers before the people. In fact, hundreds of false claims that the accused dared not produce where their perjuries could be punished were placed to the credit side of their account in the press. The newspapers tried their case for them with far more skill than it has ever been tried before a sworn jury. The court of public opinion, once summoned, lent a most attentive ear. It heard all that could be said on either side. And when the evidence was all in, when both sides had exhausted their testimony and their pleas, the court pronounced its solemn and deliberate judgment—Guilty! It followed all the rules of evidence, which are nothing more nor less than codified common-sense. And when its infallible verdict was returned, it left the fallible machinery of justice to register its decree, or to fail in that duty.

The newspapers did nothing more than to concede the correctness of the people's judgment, and to throw a flood of light upon the proceedings by which that judgment was to be carried into legal effect. So long as fraud, as trickery, was at work to defeat the ends of justice, their duty was not fully performed. They placed a close watch upon the jury-fixer and the legal sharpers who were "doing their best to save." They cut away from the case all the poison ivy of claptrap, subterfuge, and nonsense. Who is it now that finds fault with the press and resents the course it has conscientiously regarded as a public duty? I have not heard that the public prosecutor, whose work has been performed with fidelity, but certainly not with malice—for all the men he has convicted were his political friends—I have not heard that he considered the press to have usurped his rights and privileges. There has been no intimation from the learned judges, one of whom, the Hon. Frederick Smyth, stands as an impregnable bulwark against the lawless elements of New York, and the other of whom, Mr. Jus-

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tice Barrett, has emphasized by his moderation, his firmness, his impartiality, and his great learning, the golden opinion in which he has always been held by his fellow citizens,—there has been no intimation that they resented the conduct of the press as an encroachment upon their high domain. Not a bit of it. The howl of protest, which has attributed malice and cruelty to the newspapers, comes only from the guilty men and those who are "doing their best to save" them, and from a few good people who take these fellows too seriously. Their object is as plain as a mountain. Hopeless of saving their clients by showing their innocence, they have no recourse left but to warp and blind weak jurors. They appeal not to their judgment of facts, but to their false pride. Are you men, they ask, or cravens? Have you the manliness to reach out a rescuing arm to a poor, helpless, persecuted mortal, or are you such cowards as to join the army of his destroyers? There he sits, crouching in terror at the slave-drivers, whose lash has deprived him of all power of resistance. Will you raise him up? Will you bid his ruthless, bullying foes, be still? Where is your manhood? Knowing, for experience has taught them, the utter futility of submitting the case to a jury on its merits, they hope, by such tactics as these, to shame one or two weak spirits into error. This is "doing their best to save." If trial by jury becomes a mockery and a fraud, its degeneration will be caused far more by the contemptible artifices of dishonest advocates than by the usurpations of the press.

But the public has little to fear. The streams of justice will remain pure so long as rogues and their apologists are made to stand in healthy terror of the court of public opinion. The machinery of justice will not become deranged. And the people may safely leave with the press of the country the duty of summoning that august tribunal whenever its omnipotent voice is demanded.

LEMUEL ELY QUIGG.

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THE LODGING-HOUSE VOTE IN NEW YORK.

THE lodging-house—distinct from the hotel proper—plays an important part in New York politics, while at the same time it presents a curious and interesting phase of Metropolitan life. For the payment in advance of ten to fifty cents, the lodger can be accommodated with a bunk in a partitioned room, occupied by many others in common tenancy; or he can indulge in the luxury of a single bed, clean towel, and fresh water for his morning ablutions. These caravansaries are the growth of the last twenty years, and those of the lower grade are situated in the slums of the city. To visit them is one of the favored incidents of the new fad, "slumming," recently borrowed by fashionable society here from abroad, where it has been indulged in as a sort of philanthropic recreation for several years.

Prior to the year 1867, the lodging-houses were few in number and practically uncontrolled by local authority or supervision. About that time public attention became directed to them and laws were enacted looking towards the amelioration of the condition of their inmates, and to prevent the breeding of pestilence in the cramped and unhealthy quarters in which they existed. The proprietor of the lodging-house is now bound by law to provide accommodations, and the health authorities of the city can only issue permits for those houses where the dimensions will afford each lodger not less than 600 cubic feet of air space—a regulation which is practically ignored in those of the lower grade.

There are in all about 300 lodging-houses in New York, licensed as such by the Health Department, which are allowed under their permits to accommodate 17,530 persons. Those issued since October 1st, 1886, alone afford accommodation for 2,480 persons. Deducting this from the total, we have 15,050 persons who, if these houses were full, and if the lodgers were all *bona fide* voters and registered, would represent eight per cent. of all the electors

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in this city. More than twenty per cent. of this total actually voted at the last general election.

The sanitary condition of these places has improved under health regulations; but in the inverse ratio of this improvement they have become a dangerous element in municipal politics. They have become the centres in which corrupt and fraudulent voters herd together immediately before each election, and shamelessly hold their votes to the highest bidder of any party or faction. Three thousand one hundred and seventy-five electors cast their ballots at the election in November, 1886, from 256 of these hives of the franchise. That they were not of the order of men who make up the greatness of the State goes without saying; that they were mainly composed of the vagrant lost to every sentiment of manhood and honor, who subsists principally by mendicancy and petty thieving, tramping the country and suburbs during the summer, and gravitating towards the city with the return of cool weather, does not admit of contradiction. Very rarely indeed is the workingman proper to be found among the tenants of the lodging-house.

It is questionable if the great bulk of these lodgers are entitled to vote, as an examination shows that they are mainly thirty-day voters in the election district. The elective franchise, which is held so lightly by many of our more intelligent and wealthy citizens, is highly esteemed by the voters of the lodging-house. To them it represents not so much a principle, a right, or a privilege, as a pecuniary possibility, differing in value as the canvass may be grave or interesting to the captains of the disciplined workers of the machines in the various Assembly and Election Districts. The workers recognize the lodging-house vote as a potential factor in deciding the fate of candidates; and, while it is but just to admit that it is more often used to decide the fate of the Alderman in his district than any other office-seeker, practically the result is to determine the election of other candidates who are bunched with this local officer. In this sense it may even be claimed that a President was elected in 1884 by the lodging-house vote in this city. There is no desire in making this assertion to detract from the just deserts of the Stalwart Republicans, the Mugwumps, or of the Reverend Doctor Burchard, but as these votes can be concretely estimated, and are always safely

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delivered for the proper consideration, there are substantial grounds for claiming this credit for the inmates of the lodging-houses in this city. The potentiality of this vote is acknowledged by the politicians of both parties, and it is sought by both; still, it is practically controlled almost in its entirety by the Democratic organizations, who secure this advantage by reason of the location of these places. The vote of last year was smaller than that cast from the lodging-houses in many former years. 1886 was an off year, the only State officer running being the Judge of the Court of Appeals. In the Presidential contests of 1880 and 1884, it was asserted that from 8,000 to 10,000 persons voted from the lodging-houses of this city. To prove this statement now would be a matter of some difficulty, and would involve a great deal of labor; but it is fairly sustained by the logic of progressive statistics, and by the facts as we find them at the present time. The computation of the lodging-house vote given above is made from official sources, and is strictly confined to those houses which appear in the permit books of the Board of Health as licensed lodging-houses. It does not include private lodging-houses, which are beyond domiciliary visits. It represents only those who voted. The registry of this vote was necessarily larger. Considered by districts, it shows the natural preponderance towards Democracy. Of the thirteen Assembly districts in which this vote is cast, four are Republican and nine Democratic. The strong Democratic Second District heads the list with 1,018 votes. The Eighth (so long under the domination of the leader of the Republican machine) takes the second place in numerical order, being entitled, however, to the credit of the largest individual house vote in the city, the domicile in question being No. 41 Bowery, with a record of 142 votes. With space to accommodate many times less, the vote from this one house is two and a half times larger than that from the Fifth Avenue, the Windsor, and the Hoffman House combined, and is almost one-fourth of the lodging-house vote in the whole district, viz., 564. The Democratic Third District sheltered 493 of these voters. The First, Fifth, and Sixth Assembly Districts, all Democratic, respectively voted 291, 255, and 141, while the Ninth, Seventh, Fourth, Tenth, Twelfth, Sixteenth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-first are represented in a lesser degree. The workers for the machines recognize the value of these votes, and provide for them in the disbursements of the campaign. Indeed, it has been

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claimed that any closely contested election in which there were three tickets running, could be carried for the side securing the lodging-house vote. The arrangements for the lodging-house vote are made generally by the men in charge of the election districts. It is secured by purchase—pure and simple—and when completed, the voters are marched to the poles in squads of twos, threes, and fours, depending on the ability of their conductor to hold them together, and prevent interference from others. They are compelled to hold their right hand up with ballots exposed, so that, in the expressive language of the adroit campaigner, they can do no "funny business in changing ballots." Their ballots are taken generally unchallenged; or, if challenged, their vote is sworn in. Their reward is paid them by another worker—generally quite a superior person—after the vote has been deposited to the satisfaction of their conductor.

At times, the lodging-house keeper is himself a politician, and then he makes his own arrangements with the party representative, or the candidate personally, for the votes of his lodgers. In one case of which the writer was informed in his investigations, the competition was unusually active on the local candidates, and the lodging-house keeper locked his voters up and kept them under duress, until he had voted them all in convenient squads.

That this vote is decisive is beyond dispute. It decided the election of one Mayor since 1880, of one Congressman in 1880, of a Judge of a Court of Record in 1884, by its vote in one Assembly District, and in the same year it elected the Alderman who was first convicted for bribery in office.

The investigation of this subject opens up an interesting field for discussion by the municipal reformer and political economist. It is apparent that some steps should be taken to lessen the opportunities for bribery thus afforded by aggregated masses of easily corrupted voters. To meet the evil and provide a remedy, its existence must be judicially admitted; yet, during the last seven years not one conviction has been had for bribing a voter. That few cases are brought to public notice, and practically none to trial, is due largely to the unwillingness to inform, although either party to the transaction can be a witness, but the real obstacle in the way of the prevention of this crime is the freemasonry existing between the politicians who run the machines

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of both parties. Their enthusiasm and personal interest in the results of the campaign have blunted conscience and patriotism, and the responsibility for crime is evaded by "hiring" the voter, instead of paying him for his vote in individual cases. If they fail themselves, vote-bribers will not inform on the opposition worker, who has secured the prize by a higher bid or superior adroitness.

It will be difficult, if not indeed impossible, to destroy this wholesale traffic in votes, until the honest conscientious men in both parties make up their minds to eradicate it. Not alone by creating better public sentiment on the subject, but by the more practical plan of a strict scrutiny of the lists of registered voters, challenging at the polls, and earnest co-operation of the police, must this crime be met and prevented.

The act of bribing usually requires the co-operation of three persons; the voter, the person who accompanies him to the polls to see his vote deposited (in this matter nothing is taken on trust), and the person who pays the money. To this last transaction there are but two parties, the briber and the bribed. The unity of interest is thus preserved and the oath of the one is as good as that of the other participant in the crime. The care and secrecy thus necessitated may account for the fact that during the last seven years there have been no convictions found for the bribery of voters, and as far as could be ascertained no indictments found therefor during the same time. From 1880 to 1886, both inclusive, the total convictions for all other violations of the election laws were but 20 in number. The bribing of the voter would be made more difficult were the existing laws more strictly enforced. Electioneering in the polling-place and handing the voter a ballot are misdemeanors, transgressions of law which are committed in many polling places in this city, under the very eyes of the police at every election. New laws might be passed to render more difficult the possibility of bribery at elections. Public opinion ought to be aroused on this subject, and discussion invited as to the best means of eradicating this growing evil. To the Legislature in session, and to the Constitutional Convention, when elected, must we turn for the proper remedy to be applied.

It is not good policy in any public man to advocate a limitation of the elective franchise. The attempt made in recent years to limit the right to vote in this city on certain questions to those

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electors who possessed a property qualification met with stubborn opposition and ultimate defeat. It is probable that any effort to attach an educational test to the franchise—denying it to all who cannot read or write—would meet with opposition from the demagogues in both parties; yet if this could be accomplished (and it would appear to be not a violation of the Federal Constitution for such an amendment to be adopted and submitted to the people of this State, when ratified by them), it would be of inestimable advantage to the city and State, and the dwellers therein who desire to see better methods applied to municipal, State, and social questions.

The present system of voting, intended to give the voter a secret ballot, practically does nothing of the sort. By the exercise of a little adroitness on the part of the Inspector of Elections, who is the selected officer of party, the voter's intention is easily ascertained and the vaunted inviolability of the ballot becomes a mockery. Our system is not advanced enough for the present day. We are a quarter of a century behind the age. More scientific methods are in use in younger communities, which give the elector absolute freedom of choice and the necessary secrecy, such as the very act of voting contemplates in a free community.

It is to be hoped that our Constitutional Convention will provide or suggest suitable amendments to accomplish this purpose.

HENRY A. GUMBLETON.

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THE AMERICAN VEDAS.

[It would be impossible, under any circumstances, not to be touched by the subtle flattery of my countrymen in attributing to me the strength and spirit of another writer. Under a constant misgiving as to the acceptableness of my theology, their testimonial of respect comes to me almost as a special providence. While I cannot forget that it is my too kind critics, and not Mr. Arthur Richmond himself,

"Whose sweet 'I will' hath made us one,"

I do not think it my duty to forego the advantage which even the suggestion of such an alliance may bring. So long, therefore, as a genial and discriminating press will continue to discover, and especially to "reveal," that there are no other generals than Agamemnon, whatever disguise he may assume, Agamemnon ought not to be blamed if he construe it as encouragement in that which cometh upon him daily—the care of all the churches. I trust, also, it will be construed as a warning to all men who may be meditating a theological onset upon these pages, that no little device of signature or trick of style will avail to divert from me the credit of all the sound theology which appears in this Review, and which modesty alone forbids me from saying I feel amply able to furnish!

An over-anxious observer permits himself to be agitated as to the possible "consequences of this revelation." Heaven alone knows. But it will be a most mortifying consequence to me if curiosity about the things I do not write should absorb attention to the exclusion of interest in the things I do write.]

The New Departure theologians, and not the conservative orthodox, are the spiritual descendants of the iron-bound-creed-makers of old Andover. It is over the iron-bound Andover Creed that flags are flying, bombs bursting, cannon roaring, hot shot pouring. Conservatives declare that new orthodoxy, while not decrying, is practically defying, the creed, but, on the contrary, this is exactly what conservatism is doing. The very word which the creed uses is made by the conservatives a watchword of battle. The very word on which the New Departure men stand as their justification, as, indeed, their word of command, is a word of the iron-bound creed welded by the Andover founders.

They required of their professors a belief in "the Word of God . . . *contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament.*" This the New Departure theologians accept, declare, expound; but the conservatives protest that this will never do;

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that it is not enough to say that the Bible *contains* the word of God; that in order to be really orthodox, to be wholly in unison with the founders, we must believe the Bible to be in every part and parcel the word of God—a unit, a solid, from which no splinter, no moss, can be detached without throwing the whole block away. It is one of the marvels of metaphysics that Professor Phelps and Professor Park, and the Andover complainants, and the clear sighted, common-sense theology of the West, can adopt this position in full view of the creed, which declares the word of God *contained* in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament.

So far as Andover is concerned, the whole question is decided when this position is seen to be historically false. But truth is to be served by showing that it is also irrational. The consequences of a true theory of the Bible do not diminish the stress of truth, but there are no consequences to be feared. Professor Phelps apprehends that if the Bible only contains the word of God, and is not itself in every part and parcel the word of God, the inevitable sequence will be "that the major part of the Old Testament, to-day, and to us, has no more moral authority than the Vedas. Whether it has as much, what means has the unlettered mind of knowing?"

It has, at least, the means of reading the Vedas, and comparing them with the Scriptures. But the unlettered mind cannot read the Vedas. Yes, and therein lies the gist of the argument. The Vedas have never had sufficient moral impulsion to get themseves translated for us, and transported to us, and transplanted in us. We know practically, religiously, nothing whatever about the Vedas. The Scriptures of the Old and New Testament we do know about. From being the sacred books of a barbarous tribe, of an insignificant province, of a scattered and homeless race, they have insinuated themselves into the very heart and life of the widest and highest nineteenth century civilization, the most powerful civilization in the history of humanity. All the churches of Christendom are founded on them. All the politics of Christendom are amenable to them. The unlettered mind knows nothing about the Vedas, and it knows more about the Bible than about any other book in the world. It knows that the Bible has more moral authority than the Vedas, because it feels and recognizes the authority of the Bible, and does not know the Vedas.

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That loosening of the moral authority of the major part of the Old Testament to-day, and to us, which is foreboded as the result of not considering every part and parcel of the Bible to be the Word of God, is a loosening which has already occurred even under the theory that the Bible is a solid, a unit. The Andover professors and the Princeton professors, orthodox or heretic, no more observe the Levitical law than if it were inculcated in the Vedas. Why is it more dangerous to say that the Levitical law has no authority for us, than it is for us to pay no regard to it? Why is it more heretical to say that a law is obsolete, than it is constantly to violate it? The most conservative and orthodox portion of the religious world has done precisely what it is striving to prevent the advancing regiment of the religious army from doing to-day; it has rightly divided the Word of God. Reverently and devoutly studying the Scriptures, it has decided and taught that what was imperative and elevating for the Jews is inappropriate and retrogressive for us. It takes this unit, this solid, this Bible, every word the Word of God, and it says of one part: This is the ceremonial law, and we need not observe it; and of another part: This is moral law, and it is binding on us. By what right, on whose authority, does it limit one word of God to the Jews of Palestine, and spread another word of God over all the world? By right of its own reason. But no pretensions of heterodoxy or heresy can be more radical than this. Unless Professor Phelps worships God with a candlestick of pure gold. six branches coming out of the sides of it, three branches of the candlestick out of the one side, and three branches of the candlestick out of the other side; three bowls made like unto almonds, with a knop and a flower in one branch, and three bowls made like almonds in the other branch, with a knop and a flower; four bowls made like unto almonds, with their knops and their flowers, a knop under two branches of the same, and a knop under two branches of the same, and a knop under two branches of the same, according to the six branches that proceed out of the candlestick, their knops and their branches of the same, all of it one beaten work of pure gold, there is a considerable part of the Old Testament which has with him no more moral authority than the Vedas. There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who would bring to any other part of Scripture as devout a heart, as close a scrutiny, as wise a dis-

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crimination, as Professor Phelps has brought to the law of the Lord delivered to Moses upon the mount of Sinai.

The Word of God in Genesis says that Israel bowed himself upon the bed's head. The Word of God in Hebrews says Jacob worshiped leaning upon the top of his staff. Alford renders out the *leaning*, and says that Jacob worshiped upon the top of his staff. The Vulgate still further takes out *upon*, and says that Jacob worshiped the top of his staff. The learned Dean says it was Jacob's own staff upon which he leaned. Dr. Taylor says it was Joseph's staff. Professor Thayer says that Jacob did not worship at all, but simply paid homage to Joseph after the Egyptian fashion, as a high officer of state. *Every* word the word of God? Whose—Thayer's or Alford's, the Vulgate or the Septuagint, Genesis or Hebrews?

Is not this staff of Israel a very, very bruised reed to lean on? If Professor Phelps's principle is the true one, that the Bible is a solid, a unit, every word the Word of God, and that we cannot throw away one part without throwing away all, then we must give up the Bible with its legacy of love, and truth, and comfort, and hope, with all its sacredness of generations, because the vowel points were not invented in season for the Septuagint translators to know whether the word was *hamittah*—bed, or *hamatteh*—staff; because M. Chabas was not born soon enough to tell King James's translators that bowing one's self on the Superior's staff of office was an ordinary Egyptian mode of recognizing the Superior's authority. Must we, in spite of modern reverent research, still cling to the head of Jacob's bed, or sink in the troublous ocean of life, unbuoyed, unsustained by the wonderful Word of God?

But in any other theory Professor Phelps finds absurdity. "That He has given to a lost world a book inspired here and not inspired there, historic now and mythic then, blundering sometimes and by hap right at other times, and that he has left it to man's infirm intuitions to divine whether it is oracular anywhere, is absurd. It is not like God to build such a rickety structure."

I am in despair at my own temerity, but to me it seems exactly like God. What can be a more rickety structure than this world which He has made? Doubtless to its Creator's eye it goes on its stately course undisturbed in eternal order, but to us who live in it, what ricketiness! It is shaken by earthquakes, it is pierced by lightnings, it is swept by cyclones. The sea plucks at the

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land. The land slips under the sea. The rivers ravage the meadows. Vineyards are overwhelmed by volcanoes. Man is born upon the earth and he cannot emigrate to another planet. He is fastened to this, yet here he is preyed upon by fire and water, and bug and beast. And what a rickety structure is man himself—complicate and wonderful in design, but so imperfectly completed, so ill-adapted to his surroundings, that multitudes perish before the journey of life is fairly begun, and multitudes more sink by the wayside from pain and weariness. Of all the millions born, so rickety is the world-construction that the number is infinitesimal who pass, without pain or trouble, through well-rounded days to the full complement of their years, and enter Heaven gently, from glory to glory. It is such a rickety world, such a piece of damaged goods, a machine so out of gearing, that Professor Phelps himself is fain to call it "a lost world," and all theology of all ages agrees in calling it "a hurt world." If the structure of inspiration given by God is to correspond to the structure of the world made by God, it must have one pervading and prevailing principle of life, a continuous and upward line of movement; but it must be very rickety in that part of its construction which comes within human experience.

What Professor Phelps declares absurd is exactly what has been given us—a book inspired here and not inspired there. "I command," says Paul; "not I, but the Lord." And soon after he adds, "the rest speak I, not the Lord"—a specific declaration that his word is inspired here and not inspired there. "Historic now and mythic then." Certainly. David was undoubtedly the historic king in Jerusalem. The tempter of Eve was as undoubtedly a mythic snake. So the Bible itself tells us hundreds of years afterwards, for the serpent which coils itself into the first book as a beast of the field is cast out of the last as Satan, which deceiveth the whole world. "Blundering sometimes, and by hap right at other times." Yes, Peter was right when he pronounced, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God," and he received the solemn confirmation, "Upon this rock will I build my church." But he blundered straightway in contradicting Jesus, and was instantly and unflinchingly suppressed. "Get thee behind me, Satan. . . . Thou art an offense unto me."

What is meant by "infallibility?" What is meant by "authority?" What is meant by "inspiration?" Is not a stress often

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laid upon the words which is wholly unwarranted? Suppose we admit—leaving aside all questions of text and translation—that the whole Bible, as a unit, is inspired and infallible; do we mean that Abraham was directed by God to offer up his son Isaac, or that Moses was directed by God to tell the story? Suppose both, what of it? Suppose the book of Genesis to be infallible, what of it? To whom does it give authority to do what? A man who should attempt to sacrifice his son to-day would be arrested. A man who did sacrifice his daughter was shut up in a lunatic asylum. Since the Chicago bomb, a man who should preach the duty of sacrificing children would probably share the same fate. Suppose the book of Exodus to be inspired, infallible, and authoritative in every part and parcel, what of it? Assuming that God did direct the Jewish master to bring his faithful servant to the door-post, and bore his ear through with an awl, no American master is going to do so. To a bad servant he would sometimes like to do it, but the law would not allow it. The servant would not permit it. Suppose Matthew was divinely inspired to narrate the story of the tribute-money found in the fish, we are not ordered to pay our taxes by such recourse. There is hardly a word in the Old Testament, there are not many words in the New Testament, directly addressed to us. Most of both is narrative, directions, sermons, songs, remonstrances, arguments, all with a strong personal bearing upon men who have been dead for generations. The stress of these instructions has quietly lapsed with the lapse of time, with the change of institutions. Whether God told the Scriptures writers in so many words what to say, or whether their inspiration was the inspiration of genius, enthusiasm, love to God, love to man, just the same have we all—Professor Phelps and Professor Park, Andover, and Bangor, and Princeton—taken liberties with it, taken leave to say what part we would accept and what part we would reject, what part we would practice, and what part we would discard. God said: Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, but Professor Phelps practically says: not so, Lord, I will remember the Sunday to keep it holy. God says the garments which the priests shall wear are a breastplate, and ephod, and a robe, and a broidered coat, and a mitre, and a girdle, but Professor Phelps prefers a plain frock-coat and trousers when he addresses us upon the necessity of having a theory of inspiration "*which makes the authority of the Scriptures imperative!*"

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Inculcating the necessity of the literal verbal plenary inspiration of the Bible, Professor Phelps makes merry—gently—over Starr King's attempted explanation of inspiration, "it is—hm—it is a kind of mental uplifting; it is an illumination; it is—well, it is an *inspiration* of the whole man." We must have something better than this, protests the Professor. "We must have the doctrine in a bold and decisive form," which "plain men" can *use*. And for Mr. King's glittering and sounding generalities he substitutes something which must "make the Bible resonant with the very voice of God. It must be something which the soul can hear in the far distance, when conscious of estrangement from its Maker. It must give visions of truth which men can see in the dark." This is lofty and admirable. I think it is also true. My theory of inspiration does all that. But it seems to leave as much to the imagination as did Starr King's definition. A theory that gives visions of truth which men can see in the dark is certainly and markedly a theory of "illumination." "Plain men" will find no more difficulty in grasping the theory of a "mental uplifting" than a theory "which the soul can hear in the far distance."

But, says Professor Phelps, "a theory of inspiration, of which the final outcome is that Moses contradicted Christ, that the imprecations of David conflict with the epistles of John, and that St. Paul could not even repeat himself correctly, abrogates all claim of the Scriptures to imperative and divine authority. God has not thus contradicted God."

Oh, for words to express in the highest style of theological discussion the imperious conviction that this beloved disciple has certainly got the cart before the horse! He is so great, and so good, and so venerable that he shall drive in that fashion if he chooses, for whichever way he drives he is always heading towards Heaven; but it behooves the commonalty to harness in regular order. No theory causes the contradictions. The contradictions are there. What we want is a theory that shall take them in without throwing the Bible away. God has not thus contradicted God, therefore there are no contradictions, says the old theory. God has not contradicted God, therefore the contradictions are not of God, says the new theory. One might as well deny day and night as deny the contradictions. "Thou shalt cause a bullock to be brought before the tabernacle of the congregation," says the Lord through Moses,

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"and thou shalt kill the bullock before the Lord, by the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. And thou shalt take of the blood of the bullock, and put it upon the horns of the altar with thy finger, and pour all the blood beside the bottom of the altar . . . it is a sin offering." Speaking through Isaiah, God says, with every mark of disgust, "I delight not in the blood of bullocks. Who hath required this at your hand? Bring no more vain oblations!"

"He shall burn a perpetual incense before the Lord throughout your generations," says God in Exodus. "Incense is an abomination unto Me," says God in Isaiah.

The service of the Lord in the Chronicles required the Levites to offer all burnt sacrifices unto the Lord in the Sabbaths, in the new moons, and on the set feasts, continually before the Lord. But in Isaiah the Lord said: The new moons and Sabbaths I cannot away with! Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth.

"Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife?" asked the Pharisees, tempting Christ.

"What did Moses command you?" he replied, warily.

"Moses suffered to put her away," they said.

"For the hardness of your heart," answered Jesus, "he wrote you this precept. But from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Can contradiction be sharper? Does not our Lord apparently summon Moses for the very purpose of contradicting him? Is it any theory about inspiration that makes these contradictions? Is there any theory in earth or Heaven that can make them anything but contradictions? Must we throw away the Bible because Moses and Isaiah contradict each other, or throw away our own reason by asserting that they do not contradict each other? Never! Neither! But with the golden thread of truth and righteousness running unbroken through both, and by aid of these very contradictions showing the development of human reason under the cherishing light of the Divine Reason, let us weave a theory of inspiration which shall fit the facts of earth, and to that extent at least must be the inspiration of Heaven.

But such a theory, says theology, would give us a volume which it is not "like man to interpret truthfully. The uncul-

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tured mind especially cannot solve the riddle of such a book." But even on the rigidest old solid unit theory, the Bible has not been truthfully interpreted. The uncultured mind and the cultured mind have alike failed to solve its riddles. It was because they looked upon the Bible as a unit, solid, inelastic, without perspective, inspired everywhere alike, never contradicting itself, oracular everywhere, that men hung the witches. Slavery in the Southern States planted itself flat-footed on the law of Moses and stood there. Polygamy transplants the institutions of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in modern Christendom, and breathes out threatenings and slaughter against the Spirit of Christ. There is hardly an evil institution, hardly an evil deed under the sun, which the Bible does not buttress, if the Bible is to be taken at the foot of the letter, solid square to scientific truth, like the multiplication table.

Any other than the mechanical theory of "an obvious authority, an imperial authority, an authority from which there is no appeal," is spoken of as a new theory, "a new departure." But there is nothing new about it. It is the oldest theory there is. It is as old as the Bible itself. The Bible theory of inspiration is not of an external authority, but of inward influence, inbreathing. Man makes things by external measurement and means. God makes by inward growth. Man battered away at poor old Charleston for four years and only displaced a few stones. The mighty earth-force touched her for one quivering moment and left destruction. Man makes a house noisily with saw and hammer. Silently God makes a tree. Man governs by Courts and Congresses. God writes his law unseen, upon the unseen heart. In human work man is always at the fore. He alone is God who hideth himself.

Professor Phelps cannot think it possible that God has left it to man's infirm intuitions to divine whether the Bible is oracular anywhere. But that is just what He has done apparently, and apparently it is oracular nowhere. We are ever clamoring that God should be oracular, and he never is. Sometimes we try to make the Bible oracular by opening it at random and putting a blind finger on a verse. But this, also, is vanity. God is inexorable. He will not say to us yea or nay. All the authority of Scripture serves simply to give each man a warrant for his own convictions, a reason for the hope that is in him. He can intrench himself in error behind the breastwork of the Bible just as

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strongly to his own convictions as he can intrench himself in the truth. The light of Revelation may shine in darkness, and the darkness comprehend it not. We have the Revelation of Jesus the Christ. We have the Revelation of the earth and the Heavens; and we have within us that vital spark of Heavenly flame, Reason, which must be to each man his judge of all Revelation. This reason we shrink from using. We are ever sinking down into the animal nature up from which we sprung, out from which we are bidden forth, and asking to be controlled, asking for an outside, tangible authority, for an "obvious authority, an imperial authority, an authority from which there is no appeal." But God has made us free agents and He requires that we control ourselves. He tells no one what to do, or think, or say, or believe; but within every man, differentiating him from the beast, making him in the image of God, is a something by which he must say, and do, and think about all things for himself, both of this world and the next—the spirit of man and the law of God. All the way is strewn with blunders; but so only is the right way learned. The inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding, but not in any manner or to any extent that forbids the human understanding to be often at fault. Men make a thousand blunders even in their highest attempts at pure reasoning. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, but discharging no man from responsibility for his own belief. For a thousand years it has said to no man: Do this! Believe that! It is the deposit of ages of human experience under the unseen government of the universe. It marks the highest revelation of Deity to humanity. We trace in it the footsteps of the Creator from the first brooding darkness of our material universe to its culmination in the redemption of man through Jesus Christ, our Lord. All that is contradictory in it, all that is unmeaning, is but the inevitable limitation of the human minds through which it was conveyed, of the human minds by which it is to be apprehended. The Divine element in the Bible is so strong, so sane, so overpowering, that, through all the errors of all the ages, through the bickering of churchmen, the ignorance of scholars, the mistakes of translators, the prejudices of commentators, through the besetment of savage barbarism and barbarous intolerance, sweet, and pure, and clear, it shines, with a steady

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and increasing light, justifying itself by its own radiance, slowly but surely softening the world with its warmth, transfusing ignorance with knowledge, penetrating manners with kindness, changing ferocity to gentleness, displacing selfishness by love; slowly, slowly, but surely, wresting—say, rather, releasing, redeeming, dissolving—this world from the dominion of the Beast, and bringing us into the Kingdom of our Lord, Christ, what we were originally created to be, the children of the Highest.

GAIL HAMILTON.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

PARNELL AND THE "TIMES."

THE London *Times* produces a letter, dated May 15th, 1882, signed Chas. S. Parnell, which the *Times* asserts was written by Mr. Parnell and addressed to Mr. Patrick Egan.

Mr. Parnell denies that he ever wrote, or dictated, or authorized such a letter to Egan or any one else.

Mr. Egan denies that he received such a letter from Mr. Parnell.

The letter is confessedly not in the handwriting of Mr. Parnell, but in that of some one to whom, the *Times* asserts, Mr. Parnell dictated it.

There is the matter, which, judged dispassionately, appears to have the following features, from which may be drawn these simple questions:

1. Where is the envelope of this letter? Let us see the postage-stamps of England and the United States, with dates.

2. The party to whom Mr. Parnell dictated such a letter, so compromising (being diametrically opposed to his public professions at the time), must have been a confidential secretary or employé; to none other would he confide such a business. Who is this party? One so employed by a great public leader would be known. Let him be produced as a witness to the signature which Mr. Parnell repudiates as a forgery.

3. The evidence of an expert (Mr. Netherclift) who says he cannot affirm, one way or the other, as to the genuineness of the signature, is hardly acceptable. But there may be evidence in the handwriting of the employé who wrote the body of the letter; the capital letters suspiciously resemble the commercial hand taught in the United States, and the whole composition has an American form.

4. Is the obligation of settling this matter incumbent on Mr. Parnell, who simply declares his signature to be a forgery, or with the newspaper that brings the accusation?

5. The *Times* states that it is in possession of further proofs—it does not describe whether direct or indirect. Is it not incumbent on the journal to produce them?

6. The *Times* states that the letter has been in its possession for some time. Is it not incumbent on the journal to explain why so grave a charge was kept until the great political crisis and party struggle arrived at its present stage, and not until then brought forward?

The public utterances of Mr. Parnell at the time the letter is dated, May, 1882, are patent, and a part of political history. To supplement this record, Mr. Gladstone states that in 1882 he was approached by Mr. Parnell, shortly after the assassination of Cavendish and Burke, and privately consulted as to a step which Par-

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nell felt inclined to take—to relinquish his leadership of the Irish party and to retire from political life. He said that he felt so horrified by his relation to and connection with Irish affairs, and so satisfied that the blow dealt by the assassins was mortal to his country, that he preferred to vacate his position, and have no more to do actively in a cause which was so disgraced. He seemed to rely on Mr. Gladstone's advice in this matter. Is it fairly conceivable by any unprejudiced mind that this proceeding was a silly and unnecessary imposture, and one at variance with the character of the man—*nemo fuit repente turpissimus.*

If the charge made by the *Times* had been made against the Speaker of the House of Commons, or against Mr. W. H. Smith, would not the editor or printer of the newspaper be brought to the bar of the House to answer the outrage upon the dignity of Parliament?

Does not the matter take this shape?

The newspaper is bound to furnish evidence to show that its charge was made in good faith.

The House of Commons is bound to vindicate the honor of its body—attacked in the person of one of its most conspicuous members.

The position is assumed by the *Times*, and indorsed by Mr. Chamberlain, that the accusation against Mr. Parnell is a criminal imputation, and his simple plea of not guilty is insufficient to satisfy an impartial and intelligent jury of his countrymen. Is this so? When a charge is made before any court, imputing a crime, the defendant puts in his plea denying the crime. Is it not incumbent on the prosecution to make out their case, and produce their evidence? Is it just, is it proper, to make a charge and then summon the accused to defend himself? The public is the court before which the case must be tried. The *Times* has brought its charge before that tribunal. The defendant can fairly claim that the proceedings should follow the course that justice prescribes in all other courts. Is it competent to any person or journal to point to a citizen and say, "You are a murderer: defend yourself from my imputation, or consider yourself branded?" Is it not, therefore, incumbent on the *Times* to prove that the letter is genuine? To be blind to this obligation indicates an amount of prejudice that is in itself an accusation which the intelligent will appreciate.

DION BOUCICAULT.

II.

THE TELEPHONE OF 1665.

"THERE is nothing new under the sun," not even the telephone. Permit me to state that in the year 1665 there was published in England a book with the title of "Micrographia." The full name, as indicated by the title page, is "Micrographia, or some Physiological Descriptions of Minute Bodies, made by magnifying glasses, etc. London, 1665, in fol. avec 38 plates, 12 à 15 francs. Vendu en maroquin rouge, 18 francs, Patu de Mello, et 29 francs, Fourcroy." The author was Doctor Robert Hooke, a celebrated scientist, mathematician, and philosopher, who was born in the Isle of Wight in 1635, and educated at Oxford. The work referred to contains various philosophical descriptions of minute bodies, made by magnifying glasses, as indicated in the title, together with "Observations and Inquiries" on them. In the preface, the learned scientist asserts that the lowest whispers, by certain means (which he does not make public), may be heard at the distance of a furlong; that he knew a way by which it is easy to hear any one speak through a wall three feet thick; and that *by means of an extended wire, sound may be conveyed to a very great distance, almost in an instant.*

This is certainly a most accurate description of the telephone, and far ante-

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dates the developments by Philip Reis, who gave his first public lecture in 1861, before the Physical Society of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and whose claims have been championed by many scientific writers of the past decade. As an index of the value of the work of Dr. Hooke, it may be well to state that a second edition of his "Micrographia" was published two years after the first appeared, and there is a copy of it to be found in the Boston Athenæum.

It would seem that the eminent author, in addition to being a mathematician, was also the Edisonian wizard of his age. He distinguished himself by many noble inventions and improvements of the mechanical kind; devised astronomical instruments; completed the invention of the air-pump; produced in 1666 a model to the Royal Society for rebuilding the city of London, then destroyed by the great fire, and which was preferred by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to the plans submitted by the City Surveyor; published many scientific works, and was a lecturer before many societies.

From these data, it would seem that Mr. Bell was not the first to discover the secret that sound can be conveyed by a wire, although he may have been the first to put the discoveries in this line to a thoroughly practical use.

Mr. Hooke's work, under the title of "Micrographia Restaurata; Copperplates of Hooke's Discoveries by the Microscope, Reprinted and Explained," was published in London in 1745, in a huge folio volume, and a copy of this is also to be found in the Boston Athenæum.

CHARLES ROLLIN BRAINARD.

III.

BOUCICAULT AND WAGNER.

IN the April number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Mr. Dion Boucicault makes an attack on opera as an art-form. Such attacks are by no means novel; they have been familiar to the critical world ever since the days of Addison. What makes Mr. Boucicault's protest somewhat remarkable, however, is the fact that it comes at a time when a great revival of popular interest in this form of art is taking place; when the audiences of our great cities are beginning to understand and appreciate at their true worth the later masterpieces of Richard Wagner; when, in a word, the world is beginning to reap the benefit of what may, perhaps, be called the greatest revolution that has ever been witnessed in art. Of the practical results of this revolution Mr. Boucicault appears to be uninformed. He shows his knowledge of the fact that a man called Richard Wagner has lived, by mentioning his name. More than that cannot be said. By accepting, as an exemplar of all that can be accomplished by a union of the drama and music, the old-fashioned Italian operatic type, that is now everywhere drawing its last breath, he talks like one for whom the events of the last twenty years have had no existence.

To that part of Mr. Boucicault's article, urging the absurdity of Italian opera, I can take no exception. Mr. Boucicault makes fun well. His experience as a libretto-maker is amusing, and his description of an operatic *finale* in "Lucia" does full justice to the inherent absurdity of the scene—which is saying a good deal. But why brandish a sword over a corpse? Italian opera—rest its soul—is dead, very dead, and will never more injure the drama. A phenomenon like Adelina Patti,—probably the last of her kind,—can still induce people to listen in spite of themselves to "Lucia," and "Sonnambula," and "Marta," because the *diva* sings nothing else. But it is Patti they care for, not "Marta."

But there is a serious side to Mr. Boucicault's attack. He denies that the

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drama, under any conditions, can be properly made a vehicle for music. To use his own words, opera is "a misconception produced by the improper association of two muses." And this experienced playwright and actor, believing that its existence as a competitor for public favor is detrimental to the dramatic art which he represents—in his opinion the only true dramatic art—cries: "Out with it!" and would have us banish the music-drama from the boards. With a love for his art and a clear perception of its ends, Mr. Boucicault has fixed his canons of construction and analysis, and anything that runs counter to these is, in his opinion, bad art. But has he not forgotten one thing? The music-drama, and the drama pure and simple, attain their respective ends by very different means. Although they are cousins, rules that apply to one are useless for the other. Mr. Boucicault has virtually constructed a little syllogism, which runs thus:

The only form of dramatic art that should be allowed to exist is drama.

Music-drama is not drama.

Hence, music-drama should not be allowed to exist.

The music-drama has quite legitimate claims to a niche in the temple of art. Moreover, I contend that the sphere of the music-drama is superior to and more ideal than that of the drama.

All art, inasmuch as it is never an exact facsimile of Nature, is artificial. Shakspere's "holding the mirror up to Nature," however excellent a precept it may be for an actor, cannot be interpreted literally and made to apply to creative art. This is an elementary proposition that sculptors, painters, novelists, and dramatists must recognize at every step of their work. No amount of genius could construct a drama by simply representing three hours of any man's life on the stage. One must alternately condense, elaborate, transpose, suggest, and magnify, as occasion requires, in order to construct a work of art. But the amount of divergence from Nature differs in each art-form. Thus, the methods of novel-writing are peculiarly favorable to the greatest possible amount of realism, and permit an attention to details and delicate psychological analysis that would be impossible in the drama, where quick action is indispensable. Novel-writing stands at what may be called the *realistic pole* of all art that has for its subject-matter human action. Next in order comes the drama, further removed from reality, somewhat more idealized, but still eminently natural. What is called the realistic form of drama, joins hands with the novel on common ground, and then stretches on towards the *ideal pole*, where, as we shall soon see, stands the music-drama.

Regarding the romantic drama as a part of what Mr. Boucicault calls the transcendental drama, and accepting his definition of the latter, we find that it is "the highest form, in which the personages are grander than Nature, their acts more important, their sufferings more heroic." Commencing where the realistic drama leaves off, the transcendental form pushes on towards the limit permitted by purely natural means of expression. Here the proper realm of the music-drama has been reached. We have been getting farther and farther away from the mere imitation of Nature, so that now we seek for some means of expression more powerful than human speech, even of the most exalted kind. At this point Music comes to the aid of Tragedy.

But is it permissible thus to utilize such an unreal thing as music? This suggests another question, the answer to which is the keystone of the foundation on which the music-drama rests its claims to legitimacy.

What is the first object of all dramatic art?

To arouse the emotions.

In doing this what art has a tithe of the power of music?

It is a legitimate union then, this of music and drama, if thereby an art-form

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is produced which shall excel all others in arousing the emotions. The drama must give up still more of its realism, if it is to be wedded to music. Is it worth it? Will more be gained than lost? That is the only question.

In the Italian operatic form, more was lost than gained. The libretto was, as Mr. Boucicault says, a mere skeleton, the situations unnatural, the action mutilated, and even the music generally vulgar, inappropriate, and undramatic. It had no right to exist as a species of dramatic art-form, because what should be common to all such forms, illusion, was never present. The distortion of the drama was so complete that if one thought about the situation at all it could only be to laugh. In the Wagnerian music-drama, more has been gained than lost. The texts, finished before a note of the music had been composed, are complete in themselves, and admirable merely as dramatic poetry. The absurdity of having several characters shouting at the same time has been removed by the abolition of concerted music. Where Wagner's true style is cultivated, the strictest attention is paid to distinctness in enunciation; the vocal score is really only the musical embodiment of emotional speech, moving with perfect melodic independence of the orchestra, and the action moves rapidly and naturally. In short, music has been made to give up all those artificial forms which would tend to injure dramatic propriety, and yield itself to the exigencies of the action. In Italian opera, the libretto was a mere excuse—a peg upon which to hang musical raiment. With Wagner the drama is the fountain source of inspiration for the music, and his later works are well able to stand the test of a critical analysis from a purely dramatic standpoint.

Mr. Boucicault has expressly denied his intention of concerning himself with the musical element in opera, and I have consequently been constrained to speak only of the dramatic side of this art-form. But my protest would manifestly be incomplete if I did not point out at least one legitimate means of powerful emotional expression that springs directly from the union of drama and music, and *which could not exist in any other way.* Concrete examples are always best, so let us take a scene from the second act of "Tristan and Isolde."

In the garden of her castle, *Isolde*, consumed with love, is awaiting with feverish impatience the coming of her lover. By extinguishing a torch, she has thrown prudence to the winds, and given the signal for his approach. The whole act has led up to this point as to a climax, and everything combines to make the few moments preceding his entrance a situation of the greatest emotional excitement. How force the spectators to sympathize fully with this? If possible, they must be made to feel somewhat as *Isolde* feels, her heart beating wildly in expectation, her blood aglow, her senses strained to the utmost. The mere existence of the situation will not suffice. It must be elaborated by art. Drama alone cannot do this, for nothing would be more absurd or unnatural than to make *Isolde* indulge in a soliloquy descriptive of her own excitement. The feeling is too subjective—too purely emotional to find expression in words. It needs some collateral commentary. The Greeks might have attempted it by means of their chorus. We accomplish it *by means of music.* While *Isolde*, mounting the steps of the castle, waves her scarf impatiently at the approaching *Tristan*, her agitation is reflected by the headlong, hurrying stream of sound that wells up from the orchestra. And how reflected? Its intensity is magnified tenfold, and the audience, carried away by its resistless sweep, merge their identity in that of the lovers. Nor could music alone have produced this effect; for unless the mind be directed to the dramatic situation and the feelings thus predisposed to emotional receptivity, half the significance and power of the music will be lost. As it is, music, laying hold of what the drama suggests, elaborates subjectively its

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emotional contents with a force peculiarly and exclusively its own. Moreover, all the opportunities for acting, *per se*, that would have existed in a drama, are present to an *Isolde* in this scene. There is nothing to sing, so the *artiste* is free to cultivate facial expression and "stage business" with as perfect freedom from restraint as though a musical accompaniment did not exist. Here, then, by the union of drama and music, a peculiar and perfectly legitimate instrument of dramatic expression has been created, without which Art would be distinctly poorer.

The mere presence of music as a factor in the construction of a music-drama must, to a great extent, determine its dramatic form. Music is emotional, not demonstrative. It reflects great passions, but will not lend itself to the emphasis of trifles. Hence the music-drama must give up all attempts at that delicate characterization which is so successfully accomplished in the realistic drama. Even more than the transcendental drama its outlines must be bold, strong, and simple; its figures, motives, and results of heroic mold; its delineation broad and noble, rather than refined. Adding music to a fine play will not make a good opera. Music and drama must be created together, each with a view to the requirements of the other. For this reason every attempt to make operas out of Shakspere's tragedies has failed. The music-drama is something by itself and requires different methods of construction.

Wagner understood this perfectly. He chose his subjects from mythology. His characters are ideal, inasmuch as they are prototypes; they are natural, inasmuch as their actions are never motivated by conventionalities as they would be in modern life. Their passions are the very opposite of what we find in the plays of contemporary French dramatists. Instead of being involved, mixed, and conflicting, they are as simple, direct, and unalloyed as is the fear or anger of a child. In construction the same principle has ruled. To find a parallel for the simplicity with which the action of "Tristan and Isolde" is developed, one must seek as far back as the Greek tragedies. The intensity and directness of its dramatic motives lend themselves perfectly to musical treatment, and the whole work becomes a finished harmonious production in which one looks in vain for traces of joinery.

I trust I have now made clear what was meant by saying that the music-drama stands at the ideal pole of those arts that illustrate human action. Its very limitations are the measure of its nobility, and its claims to dramatic legitimacy can no more be questioned than the power of its emotional effects can be rivaled.

Concerning Mr. Boucicault's condemnation of operatic artists for their alleged inability to act, I can only believe that his impressions must be the result of inadequate observation. Had he seen Malten's *Kundry*, Lehmann's *Isolde*, Fischer's *Hans Sachs*, Scaria's *Wotan*, or Albert Niemann in any rôle, he could not have said that "operatic acting is ridiculous sound and fury, signifying nothing." It is almost a saying among German actors—not, as a rule, given to too great admiration of their operatic brethren—"from Niemann we can all learn something." I will not say that Mr. Boucicault might also find this true. But in his case, as with many others, a little time spent in examining the best German operatic methods of to-day might help to infuse into the dramatic profession a certain spirit of tolerance—tempered even with something of admiration—for a sister art.

EDGAR J. LEVEY.

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IV.

COURAGE.

THAT element in our natures which enables us to face foes, to laugh at danger, to defy fate, is not always courage. Far from unfrequently, it is recklessness. Very often it is pride, or the love of praise, or the fear of scorn. When the latter is the case, cowardice is made to seem as courage. A certain philosopher said: "A truly brave man is often unconscious of having courage, and only discovers it when some emergency arises which calls it out"—certainly a logical deduction. If a man may possess genius unawares, why not a lesser attribute like courage? Not that courage is insignificant, but because genius is the greatest and the rarest thing in the world.

There is a proneness to look only to openly demonstrated heroism for courage, and never to grant its existence elsewhere. Courage, however, is not essentially a matter of noise and bombast, but more often of the extremest quiet. The man, who, in the midst of poverty and privation, toils unflinchingly and uncomplainingly for the sustenance of his family, in full consciousness of the fact that he can never rise superior to his misfortunes, is a man of courage. The man who, intrusted with vast sums of gold, which he might, if he would, make his own, but who faithfully deals back to each creditor his due—he is a man of courage. The man who has views which are in advance of his age, and, with them, sufficient daring to coolly express and calmly discuss them—he, also, has courage; but the bravest man of all—the one who has the best and most unimpeachable right and claim to courage, is the man, who, to shield and protect others, accepts open insult and submits unmurmuringly to open censure, criticism, and indignity. This is harder than heading an army, harder than wearing a royal crown, harder than preaching truth and right to a generation of fools. In all my life, I have known of but one such man; and though I never have met him, I revere him as a god; and yet, the world would question my sanity if I wrote his name, where it belongs, high up in the list of heroes.

GEORGE SAND.

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CURRENT AMERICAN LITERATURE.

They whose knowledge of the lives of men and women in the France of the first half of the sixteenth century is derived from contemporary memoirs may not be altogether edified by the collocation of Margaret of Angoulême in the same series with Susanna Wesley and Harriet Martineau. Doubtless, she, who was Duchess of Alencon and Queen of Navarre, who was, upon the whole, the most conspicuous female figure at the Court of Francis I., and who was the undoubted author of many tales of the Heptameron, and the reputed author of them all, may justly be clasified among "famous women." But one aspect of her fame was anything but what the feminine readers of her biography would in our day consider "fair," and the universally credited accounts of her relations with the other sex do not readily adapt themselves to exculpatory and expurgatory treatment. To ascribe to Margaret of Augoulême the stainless reputation, upright instincts, pure thoughts, and refinement of feeling, which are now happily accounted indispensable in women, is to wholly metamorphose her, is to make her something that she neither was, nor cared to be, nor was by her contemporaries wished to be. Better not paint her at all than deliberately falsify the picture. If we see nothing exemplary or savory in the moral standards, customs, manners, and habits of speech of even the most splendid and least odious actors in the Italian and French renaissance, let us not seek for heroines among them. Above all, let us not put in the hands of young girls a book,* which will not only prompt them to read the Heptameron, but essays to palliate and condone the rankly offensive features of those too often salacious stories.

The author of "Cathedral Days"† has given us a noteworthy and really useful study of some of the finest achievements of architectural genius in the British Islands, although she speaks of her narrative with genuine humility, and has written it, she tells us, with no other purpose than that of transmitting to others some tincture of the pleasure she herself derived from a tour through Southern England. She evidently knows more about the aims, principles, and processes of medieval architecture than she professes to know, and although she modestly eschews anything like technical or esoteric terms, and shuns the affectation of pedantic familiarity with ogees, ambries, corbels, and crockets, she is capable of making and does make observations, interesting and suggestive to the professional as well as the ordinary reader. There is not a chapter in this book which is devoid of light and charm, but we have been particularly struck by the author's account of the Glastonbury memorials of the old world and of the once splendid but now drooping little burgh of Wells, which is aptly described as "an enchanted city."

When we are reminded that Mr. Poore's acquaintance with Washington reaches back over more than half a century, and consider the opportunities of observation sought after and gained by an indefatigable collector of news, we should expect to find in such a man's reminiscences a magazine of interesting anec-

* Famous Women Series; Margaret of Angoulême by A. Mary F. Robinson. Roberts Brothers.

† Cathedral Days; by Anna Bowman Dodd. Roberts Brothers.

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dote and comment. We are not disappointed in the substance of his book,* on which the future historian of the events and scenes here described by an eye-witness will probably draw largely for striking, suggestive, and illuminating details. The author's style, while having no pretensions to extreme literary finish, is fluent and readable; Mr. Poore can tell a story neatly, and depict a person or an incident with a few rapid, telling strokes. Nor should we omit to mention that the publishers have done their share of the work well, contributing, by numerous illustrations of more than average merit, to render the book attractive to a wide audience. We scarcely need say that the volume that is likely to give most pleasure to the present generation of readers is the second, which deals with the quarter of a century beginning in the last year of Mr Buchanan's administration. The impressions made at the time on an intelligent spectator by the stirring and pregnant events that have taken place in the Federal Capital during the momentous period just named are here delineated with the joint efficiency of a practiced pen and skillful engraving. The prospective usefulness of such a record may be measured, if we reflect how much life and spirit might have been infused into the pages of Bancroft and Hildreth could those writers have availed themselves of similar assistance for the epochs they described.

Few persons who have not themselves tried their hand at it have a just conception of the difficulty of putting a French novel into idiomatic English, which shall satisfy Dryden's definition of a translator's duty to his original, to be "true to his sense, but truer to his fame." The difficulty is, of course, redoubtably enhanced in the case of authors accustomed to think in metaphor and whose analogies and similes take a wide range, and often stray into recondite or technical fields of knowledge or activity. Perhaps the work of no French prose writer, not even Theophile Gautier's, lends itself less tractably to adequate reproduction in English than that of Balzac. Not only, moreover, is his style peculiarly refractory to transplantation, but the vast extent and variety of the ground covered by the novels grouped under the general title of the "Comédie Humaine" are calculated to dismay the most accomplished and self-confident translator. It is, therefore, hard to speak, except in terms of superlative satisfaction, of the American translation of Balzac's novels which is now in course of publication. The particular volume† of the series which now lies before us, the version of *Le Médecin de campagne*, is a memorable example of what translation ought to be. In the first place, it is a faithful transcript of the original, faithful not only to the nicest shades of meaning, but to the play, the color, the analytic subtlety, the infused emotion, the nervous energy of Balzac's diction. Secondly, while scrupulously accurate, it is at the same time singularly free from Gallicisms; it is not French-English, but good English, idiomatic, flowing, racy, smacking of the soil and hitting the nail on the head. We do not mean to say, indeed, that the translator has not shrunk from disclosing the crudities and nudities in which Balzac was at times permitted to indulge by the widely different composition of the French novel-reading public. But even what might seem to an American or English ear indelicacies of expression are not austerely excised or utterly denaturalized; they are only, so to speak, parboiled in a lukewarm paraphrase.

* Perley's Reminiscences, or Sixty Years in the National Metropolis; by Ben: Perley Poore. Two volumes. Philadelphia, Hubbard Brothers.

† Honoré de Balzac; The Country Doctor. Boston, Roberts Brothers.

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